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**Atlantic**

# Insight

***JUDY:***

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# Atlantic Insight

December 1980/January 1981,  
Vol 2 No. 11



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**Cover Story:** It always worked in the old movies when Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland got together and put on a show. And when Sharron Timmins and friends put on a show about Judy they launched the first successful cabaret theatre in the Atlantic region. By Stephen Kimber

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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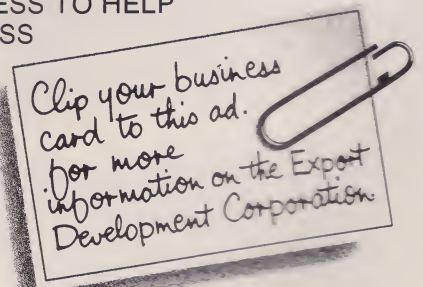
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## Editor's Letter

**Y**ou must like working for *Atlantic Insight*," said the nice young woman as she extracted my blood. With her needle in my vein I stood—or sat—and delivered: Yes, I said, I do, I do. "A lot of people around the hospital read it," she said as she taped my arm and settled her little phials away, "so I guess you must be doing all right. How long have you worked there—five or six years?" When I explained that the magazine itself wasn't much more than a year old, that my own first official day on the job (when the editor and I didn't even have any paper and wrote down several brilliant ideas for future articles on the insides of his matchbooks) had been January 24, 1979, the nurse just shook her head. "I thought you'd been around longer than that," she said.

Almost everyone who works for this magazine can tell you a story like that one. When *Maclean's* published an article last spring on this up-and-coming little publication from the east, just approaching its first birthday, they quoted not somebody from *Insight* but the executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, Jim MacNiven, to make the point. First birthday? Hadn't we been around forever?

It's a peculiar feeling to have gone from being a scrappy little newcomer to a media establishment symbol in less than two years. But that seems to be what's happened. I don't want to bore you with the details of our new respectability—solidity is probably the better word—but it gets reflected in all kinds of ways. Like the invitation lists you're suddenly on. The seminars and conferences (drat) to which you're implored to come and impart your wisdom. It's the people who want to take you to lunch, to dinner, to all kinds of places where you're expected to show up wearing the right clothes and knowing how to behave yourself.

Don't get me wrong. There are fun parts about being established. If there weren't, why would so many people be scrambling to get into the same spot? But in this, my first Editor's Letter, I want to tell you what's the most fun, the most important part of all this. It's producing this magazine every month.



DAVID NICHOLS

As this issue was going off to press, the people from our circulation department, who work in the house across the street, arrived at our place with stacks of the current issue—November—the one about to go on the stands. What happened then was what happens every time. Everything stopped. Everybody grabbed a copy and went through it, just as if they hadn't pored over every word, every picture, every comma for hours before it went away.

There were groans. Oh God, we missed on that one. There were smiles about a color spread that looked particularly beautiful and about a special report we knew was going to make waves. It was a bit like Christmas morning, but for us it happens 11 times a year.

Something else happened as the issue was going to press. We found out that Veronica Ross, a wonderfully talented fiction writer from Nova Scotia, and *Atlantic Insight* had won a national award for an outstanding short story. The award came from the Periodical Distributors of Canada and the Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Letters. The story, *Whistling*, appeared in our September, 1979, issue. We're delighted for Veronica and pleased for us too because—all right, so modesty's not our strong point—it's the fourth national magazine award we've won this year.

We're human. We like the awards and the acceptance. But what we like best of all is challenging you, cheering you and stirring you up with what we think is the best magazine around. And we're going to keep doing it. That's our Christmas wish and New Year's resolution rolled into one.

*Marilyn MacDonald*



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## Feedback

### Captain Newfoundland

Before I read the story on Geoff Stirling, I really had no idea who this man was. In retrospect, I wish you had not chosen to do a feature article on him. Surely people such as Richard Cashin and Gordon Pinsent better exemplify the vitality of Newfoundland today, which is certainly not a hotbed for American-style superficiality.

Michael T. Hamm  
Sambro, N.S.

When Geoff Stirling wanted to publicize his age-old battle with the CBC over local advertising, he withheld pay increases of \$30 a week for Newfoundland Television staff agreed to under binding arbitration. He lost that small battle, but only after a rendezvous in court. Perhaps we need more "socialists" in the economy to protect employees from the management whims of egocentric and very rich mystics like Stirling.

Darlene J. Sorrey  
St. John's, Nfld.

### The gall of it all

Harry Flemming's most entertaining article *The Decline and Gall of the Halifax Herald* (Media, October) is a fine piece of writing. The newspaper's barbaric writing and equally horrid editing have been long overdue for a proper reprimand and Flemming does much to serve due justice.

Mark Conty  
Halifax, N.S.

Harry Flemming is too kind to the Halifax papers. While living there I was always careful to explain to visitors that Halifax had one paper, morning and evening. Different names, same paper. I was more careful to point out that they were papers as opposed to newspapers.

John Bassett  
St. John's, Nfld.

I read with interest Harry Flemming's story on the Halifax Herald. But it was with a sort of, "What else is new?" attitude as I have long since ceased to read their editorial page.

Gordon Robertson  
Wallace, N.S.

The Herald is the worst paper I have ever read. They use a lot of silly pictures for fill and the real news is never edited. There have been murders, accidents, suicides and never a word of what happened or who was charged. But they do a good job on the silly ox pulls. People from other provinces must think we live in the 17th century.

Mrs. Allan J. Callaghan  
Middleton, N.S.

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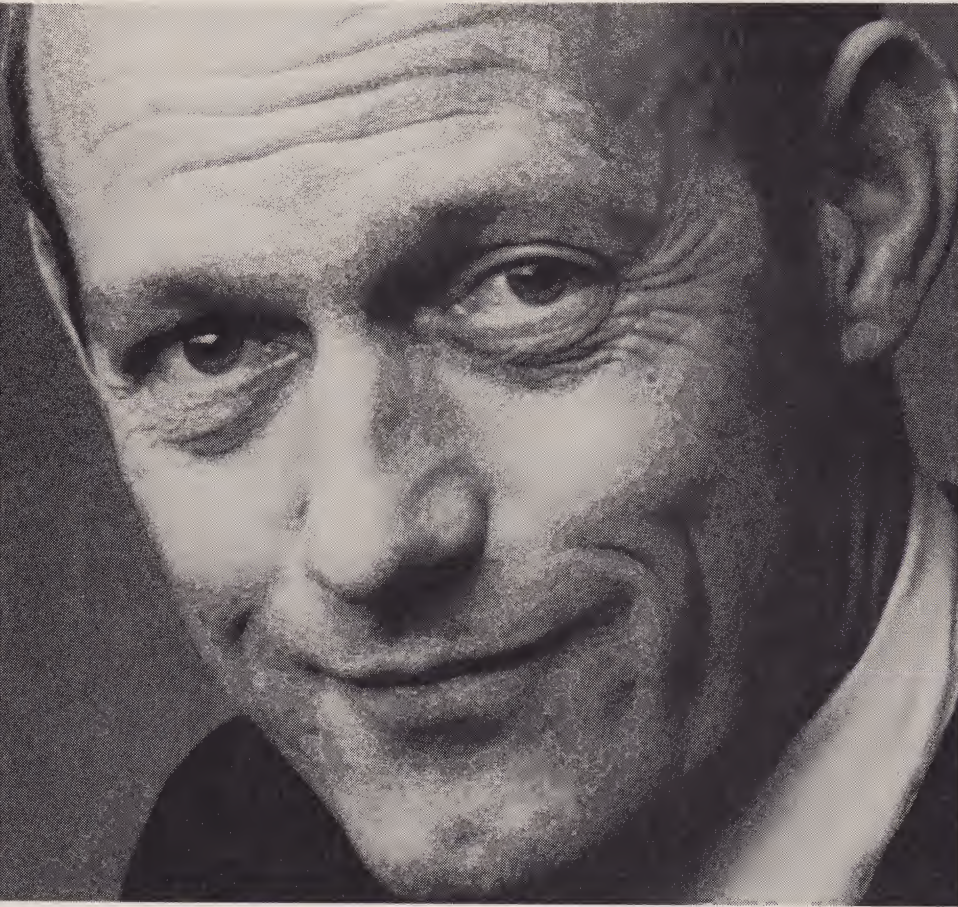


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## Feedback

### My complaint about me

This is probably the first time in the history of journalism that a writer has sent a letter to an editor in criticism of an article that he himself wrote. I would simply like to point out that in his article *The Loving Art of Ivan Crowell* (Art, October), Alden Nowlan was inexcusably careless in not giving sufficient credit to the distinguished painter Bruno Bobak who created the original works of art which provided Dr. Crowell with his patterns.

Alden Nowlan  
Fredericton, N.B.

### Not xenophobia

Martin Dorrell's article *The DVA Move: It's the Funniest Show in Town* (P.E.I., October), is a sad commentary on the media's reporting of the DVA move. Dorrell must be aware that Islanders have been questioning and opposing the very idea of moving an inefficient, overstaffed and dying federal department from Ottawa to P.E.I. He may claim that this is part of our Island xenophobia, but more and more Islanders are coming to realize that the way to solve "Ottawa welfarism" is not through importing more of it, even if we poor lads would be the recipients of what Mr. Dorrell calls the "Central Canadian cultural superiority."

Frank Jones  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

### And I'll raise you one 'Oh no'

Regarding your article *Life on the Rideau's Not All Work, Folks. Oh, No* (Ottawa Diary, October): Oh, no, Julianne Labreche. You had a very superficial look at life on Parliament Hill. Try keeping pace with an MP for a week and you'll be glad you write for *Insight*. You neglected to mention the long hours, the public demands and the personal sacrifices made by the MP and his or her family.

Dianne McCauley  
Ottawa, Ont.

### I didn't say it

Two points to correct the impression left by Kingsley Brown in his October Opinion column entitled *The Fishery Is Not a Welfare System*: I am not "a biologist who studies the Gulf stocks" and, although I have said many things over the years on the subject of the Gulf cod allocations, I certainly did not say what is attributed to me by Mr. Brown.

A.W. May,  
Assistant Deputy Minister  
Atlantic Fisheries  
Ottawa, Ont.



# entrepreneur

**en · tre · pre · neur** (än'trə prə nūr') *n*

a person who organizes and manages a business undertaking, assuming the risk for the sake of the profit.

— Webster's Dictionary

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## **Characteristics of an Entrepreneur:**

independent, risk-taking, pro-active, self-confident, hardworking, self-starting, inventive, adaptive, farsighted, ingenious, outgoing, enthusiastic, hard-nosed, optimistic, tough-minded, opportunistic, able to plan, motivated by challenge, swift to recognize ability in others, a seeker of information, able to accept advice, a good listener, ready to form a team approach to problem solving.

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It also acquires a higher price ticket.

But, then, it has had a far more expensive education.





## The Region

# Freedom of information: It depends on where you live

*If you want to know what your government is doing and you live in New Brunswick, you're in luck. In the other Atlantic provinces, you'll need all the luck you can get*

**W**hen nurses at Sydney's St. Rita Hospital were incapacitated by mysterious fumes that appeared from time to time without warning in the hospital's operating rooms, provincial health authorities were understandably alarmed. They dispatched occupational health engineer Tadeusz Mejzner to prepare a detailed analysis of the hospital's air quality. But when CBC journalist Sheila Jones, a researcher for CBC Halifax's *Information Morning* radio program, asked for a copy of Mejzner's report, Health deputy minister Harris Miller replied that it was confidential.

There was nothing unusual about Miller's reply. Jones was up against

one of the first axioms a Canadian journalist learns: That the conduct of public business is none of the public's business. A private citizen's right to know whether his next gall bladder operation might be interrupted by a cloud of noxious gas is simply no match for Miller's right to conduct the affairs of the Health Department in secret.

Examples of the government penchant for secrecy aren't hard to come by. Prince Edward Island and the federal government have an ambitious 15-year development plan covering virtually every aspect of economic life on the Island. But when Ottawa and Charlottetown signed a contract covering Phase Two of the plan, it took reporters



CHERYL LEAN



Bruce Cochran (above) keeps status quo; John Wilson (below): No right to know

## The how-to of freedom of information

### New Brunswick

If you've had a request for information turned down by anyone in the New Brunswick government, write to the minister responsible, describe the information you want as specifically as possible and say you're appealing for it under the Right to Information Act. Keep a copy.

The minister has 30 days to reply. If he grants your request, you'll be allowed to inspect the document for a \$5 fee. If the minister allows you to Xerox the material you'll be charged 10¢ a page. If the minister fails to reply, or rejects your request, you can appeal to the ombudsman, or to any Supreme Court judge. The ombudsman is empowered only to "review" the case and recommend a course of action to the minister. The judge has the power to order the minister to release all or part of the information requested. The judge's ruling cannot be appealed by either side, and the ombudsman's can be appealed (to a Supreme Court judge) only if the minister fails to follow his recommendation.

Appeals must be made on forms which the minister is required to supply

when rejecting your request. Fill out your part of the form, attach copies of your correspondence with the minister, and deliver it to the ombudsman or any Supreme Court judge. The ombudsman has 30 days to report his recommendation; there is no time limit to the judge's ruling.

A copy of the Right to Information Act is free from the Queen's Printer, Box 6000, Fredericton, E3B 5H1.

### Nova Scotia

If you've had a request for information turned down by anyone in the Nova Scotia government, write to the deputy minister of the department concerned. Describe the information and say you're appealing under the Freedom of Information Act. The deputy minister must reply within 15 working days, and if he rejects your request, he must state his reasons and explain your right to appeal his decision. If the deputy minister fails to reply, or rejects your request, you have 15 calendar days to appeal to his minister. The minister, in turn, has 30 calendar days to reply.

Final appeal is to the legislature. An MLA must introduce your appeal

by giving notice of motion. You have no right to appear and present your case to the legislature, and your appeal will be voted on only at the pleasure of the government.

Copies of the Nova Scotia Freedom of Information Act are available from the Nova Scotia Government Bookstore, Box 637, Halifax, B3J 2T3, for 25¢.

### Newfoundland

A government bill now before the Newfoundland legislature would provide limited access to government information. Formal requests for information would go to the appropriate minister or agency head, who would have 30 days to reply. Any appeal would go to the ombudsman, who would have 30 days to report his non-binding opinion on the matter. The minister would then have another 30 days to act on the ombudsman's report. His decision could then be appealed to the trial division of the Supreme Court.

### Prince Edward Island

Prince Edward Island has no freedom of information law, and no bills on the subject are currently before the legislature.



## The Region

20 months to ferret out copies of the agreement.

When a contracting firm defaulted on work at the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission's Coleson Cove generating station in 1974, the commission turned over the work to another contractor. But in the process, the commission changed the specifications for the contract and upped the price, without calling for new public tenders. Gerard Daley, a former commission employee, tried to blow the whistle on the deal, but commission chairman

Edison Stairs denied the contract specifications had been changed. Daley couldn't disprove Stairs's denial, because the minister refused to make public the work order in question.

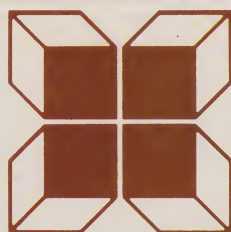
Government hugger mugger isn't limited to attempts by bureaucrats and politicians to cover up embarrassing or scandalous material. More often it's a knee-jerk impulse to withhold even the most trivial, routine information. The chief purchasing officer for Nova Scotia recently refused to let CBC researcher Bert Deveau see the blank

tender form used by companies bidding on government supply contracts. "It's almost a territorial thing," observes another CBC staffer. "When you ask a civil servant in Nova Scotia for information, you can almost see the sphincter muscles tighten."

Journalists generally agree that Nova Scotia is the most secretive of the four Atlantic provinces. Ironically, Nova Scotia was also the first jurisdiction in Canada to enact the legislative remedy most journalists prescribe for the problem: A freedom of information law. But the contradiction is more apparent than real, as a close reading of the act demonstrates. It grants access only to a short list of narrowly defined categories of information, things like rules of procedure, organization charts, and annual reports. Even this niggardly offering is subject to a list of sweeping exemptions. And the act provides an appeal process that ends with the provincial legislature, so the government serves as final judge of its own decisions to withhold information. In the three years since its passage, the act has yet to force the release of a single significant piece of information. It has, however, afforded several Nova Scotians the Orwellian experience of being told that release of the information they seek is prohibited by the Freedom of Information Act.

The first man to test the Nova Scotia law was John Wilson, a soils and crops specialist who was dismissed from his job with the Department of Agriculture in 1966. When an arbitration board ruled that the department couldn't fire Wilson without showing cause, the Regan cabinet invoked royal prerogative to fire him anyway. Wilson applied under the act to find out the reasons for his dismissal, but was refused. Tory MLA Bruce Cochran, who specialized in freedom of information while he was in opposition, carried Wilson's appeal to the legislature, but it died there when the government refused to call Cochran's motion for a vote. "It's not a freedom of information act," Wilson says. "It's an act that deprives you of the freedom of information."

Keith Evans, a lawyer who studied the Nova Scotia law for the *Dalhousie Law Journal*, concurs. He made nine requests for information under the act, seeking such things as inspection reports for fish plants and day care centres, and the names of door-to-door salesmen whose licences had been revoked. All nine requests were turned down. "The true intent of the act," Evans concluded, "is not to promote openness, but to secure secrecy."



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## The Region

It doesn't have to work that way. In January, New Brunswick became the second province in Canada with freedom of information legislation, and in the months since, the new law has produced a series of politically unsettling disclosures. Gerard Daley, the former power commission employee, obtained the Coleson Cove work order he'd been seeking for five years. The document confirmed his contention that the contract had been changed, without new tenders, despite earlier denials from the government. The

province's Liberal opposition used the act to pry loose other embarrassing power commission documents. One showed that workers on the Point Lepreau construction site averaged two and a half hours of useful work per eight-hour shift. Another showed that the commission was carrying a company owned by its vice-chairman, Louis B. Landry, for arrears totalling \$28,841.

The categories of information the government doesn't have to release are much narrower than in Nova Scotia. But the biggest difference is that a

Supreme Court judge, not the legislature, makes the final decision about whether information is released. The appeal process (see box) is free of red tape, and involves neither lawyers nor court costs. So far, in every case that has reached a final appeal, the information sought has been released. Both Daley and Opposition leader Joe Daigle had to use a judicial appeal to get the information they wanted, but more recently the mere threat of an appeal has been sufficient. The power commission gave Liberal energy critic Ray Frenette a list of customers owing more than \$1,000 just three days before a scheduled Supreme Court hearing. This has led to charges from Frenette and Daigle that the Hatfield administration is using the act as a way of delaying the release of embarrassing material—"legalized stonewalling," Frenette calls it.

Journalists in the other three provinces would no doubt like the luxury of making such rarefied complaints. Prince Edward Island has no immediate plans for access legislation. The Newfoundland legislature is now pondering a government freedom of information bill that has a judicial review procedure of sorts, but some exclusions under the proposed law actually prohibit the release of information, in the manner of Nova Scotia's act.

Access to information has not been a burning issue with journalists in either Newfoundland or P.E.I. "Reporters here are more or less conditioned to expect that reports won't be made public," says Rick Seaward, a reporter for CBNT in St. John's, "but I've always been astonished at what's available if you go and ask for it." Jim MacNeill, publisher of the *Eastern Graphic* in Montague, P.E.I., agrees. "In a small community like this, if you know something exists, it's not that hard to squirrel it out."

Just how long Nova Scotia will remain saddled with its law is a matter for speculation. Tourism Minister Bruce Cochran, who made freedom of information a personal hobby horse while in opposition, has apparently failed to get his proposals for a revised bill through cabinet. A new law was promised in the Buchanan government's first throne speech, but wasn't mentioned in its second. Cochran now says Halifax is waiting for Ottawa to act on its freedom of information bill. In the meantime, Nova Scotia cabinet ministers continue to turn down requests for information as blithely as their Liberal predecessors, whom they criticized just two years ago. ☒

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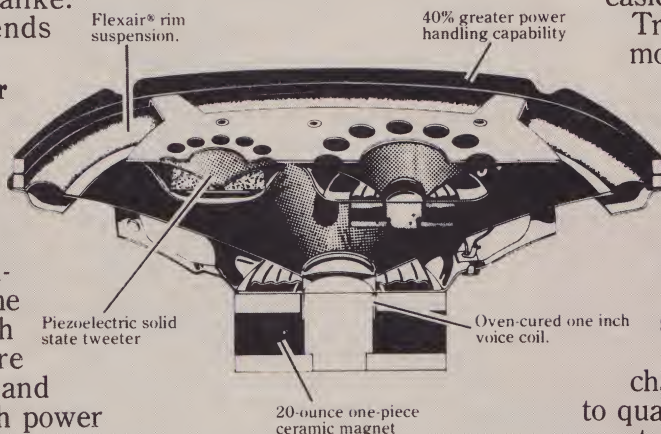
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## Prince Edward Island

# Summerside marches to a different drummer

*The provincial government says no to nuclear power; Summerside says yes. It's just one more example of the fact that the town is, well, different*

**S**ummerside has an independent streak wider than Water Street, the town's main drag. Often Prince Edward Island's largest town gives the appearance of being an island itself, as distant in style and substance from Charlottetown as the provincial capital is from Ottawa. And the relationship is similar too, rather strained and ambivalent with the town always seeking the government dollar but fearful of losing control of its own purse strings.

Summerside likes nuclear power; the provincial government will have nothing to do with it. Every city, town and village belongs to the P.E.I. Federation of Municipalities; all of them, that is, except Summerside. While Charlottetown politicians point with pride to the transfer of the Department of Veterans Affairs headquarters to the provincial capital, Summerside politicians complain that decentralization stops at the town limits. Even electing those politicians happens differently in Summerside: When residents of every other village and town voted in November, all was quiet in Summerside. Voters there had gone to the polls a year earlier.

The most recent tangle between the province and the town occurred last fall, when the government vetoed a Summerside proposal to purchase electricity from the Point Lepreau nuclear generator under construction in New Brunswick. Angus MacLean's government had few platform commitments to honor when it came to power in 1979, but one was to extricate the province from a contract to purchase Lepreau power. The distinction between nuclear power and other varieties is a fine one on the Island since the province is linked to New Brunswick power sources through a submarine cable, and, while the moral argument has its strengths, price is the only distinction the consumer can see.

That was the argument Summerside town council pursued. The town is the only one in the province with its own oil-fired generators. Although a private firm, Maritime Electric Co. Ltd., supplies power to the province, the Sum-

merside electrical department delivers it through its own lines to the greater Summerside area. The town's generators are small and inefficient, so they're on standby and only used during peak periods or when there's an electrical breakdown. Summerside commissioned a study of its electrical options and the subsequent report concluded that nuclear power was the best bet. And, in strictly financial terms, there's little doubt about it. The cost of Maritime Electric energy in Summerside could be 8.9 cents a kilowatt hour by 1984. Nuclear power would cost 5.3 cents. Four years later, in 1988, the cost of conventional power would have risen to 13.8 cents, while nuclear power would remain almost constant—about 5.5 cents. To extend the submarine cable to Summerside would cost only \$24,000, but additional diesel generators would cost \$3 million.

Frances Perry, the town's mayor for the past year and a veteran of municipal politics, expected the province to reject the town's proposal. **Mayor Perry** There are other energy options, she says, "but they aren't as good as nuclear power." Aside from cost considerations, "it's the cleanest power."

Summerside's dogged pursuit of nuclear power in the face of a provincial boycott is a classic example of the town's isolationist tendencies. But the town can offer a strong defence: The Summerside Town Act, enacted by the legislature, gives it the right to purchase electricity from any source.

"So what's the act worth?" asks a frustrated town official. "They may as well tear the thing up! We might be able to ignore the province and go ahead anyway, but they'd just change the act and we have to deal with the provincial government every day." The town operates differently from the



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## Prince Edward Island

other 35 towns and villages which lobby through the P.E.I. Federation of Municipalities. Summerside withdrew from that group at the instigation of former mayor John Forbes, a notorious budget slasher who, together with a majority of his council, voted to leave when villages were not only allowed to join the federation but given a voice equal to the towns.

During her campaign for the mayoralty, Perry argued that the town should return to the fold but when council finally got around to voting, the isolationists won. Despite her disagreement, Perry offers a spirited defence of the decision. "Summerside is outvoted in the federation. Although we're the second-largest municipality, we only had one vote—the same as the smaller villages. If we had more votes, then it would be fairer. Anyway, we've had meetings with the minister, so the fact that we're not a member doesn't hurt us there. We're all very busy people," she says of her council. "We have to look after the town first."

But the argument that Summerside merits more than one vote does not sit well with a provincial government that is the country's smallest and yet expects to be treated as the equal of the other nine.

Accusations of provincial mistreatment don't come just from the local council. Peter Pope, the Summerside MLA who holds the seat that once belonged to former premier Alex Campbell, has often criticized his own government. He wasn't overcome with gratitude when Premier MacLean wrote off a \$1.5-million debt built up by the Summerside Waterfront Development Corp. Pope pointed out that it was owned by the government anyway. "My glory, that industrial mall in Charlottetown! We've given it about \$10 million this year and you don't hear anybody saying anything about that." Other movers and shakers in town are bewildered by decentralization that never includes Summerside. "They seem to like the idea of decentralization down there in Charlottetown. But they just want it one way."

The government, growing sensitive to the restiveness, has promised transfers of some operations to the town and has sent cabinet ministers to the scene to make important announcements. It doesn't always work. "Our members have belonged to the cabinet," Perry says, and that's not necessarily a good thing. "They neglect the town when they're there. It's no longer their own town. We really support Peter Pope in everything he has to say."

— Martin Dorrell



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## Nova Scotia

# IEL comes out of the shadows

*After a decade of quiet operation, Nova Scotia's industrial promotion agency, Industrial Estates Limited, may soon find itself in political hot water again*



Manuge: On way back?

**I**ndustrial Estates Limited is a Nova Scotian prodigy that strayed into a dark wood and never quite made it back. Managed by a man named Robert Manuge, IEL thought in the 1960s that it had located the magic fountain of success and was crouched to drink deep. But then the dragons of failure pounced and savaged them both.

When then Nova Scotia Premier Robert Stanfield created IEL in 1957, he based it on a bright new idea, soon to be copied across the country: Pay industry to locate in the province. As IEL's manager, Manuge, a man of large talent, capacity and ego, was an airborne big game hunter stalking the world for industry. Armed with IEL's bag of money, he landed many. But then things soured. There were immense industrial collapses which lost the province millions of dollars. There were harsh questions about the Lone Ranger approach to economic development and the enormous amount of funding lavished on new industries. Finally, there was the defeat of the Tory government in 1970, due largely to industrial fiascos. Manuge eventually moved on to a position with Anil Canada Ltd., a hardboard manufacturer at East River, west of Halifax, that he had landed through an airborne chance encounter with Govind Ram Jolly, a Bombay businessman.

Although IEL lived on under the new Liberal government, which created its own Department of Development to oversee economic policy, it seemed to slip into a quiet dotage. A controversy surrounding the passage into receivership of Anil Canada in 1975 disturbed it only briefly.

But today, IEL is back in the charmed circle of provincial economic tongue-wagging and, perhaps, back in the province's politics. The reasons are Robert Manuge and Govind Ram Jolly. After a decade of lamenting that provincial economic policy was deviating from the true path as laid down by him, Manuge has returned as an IEL director amid rumors that he's

due to become its chairman. This raises the intriguing possibility that the provincial government will send him on another round of high-altitude heroics, hoping to land a few new branch plants for the province in time for the next provincial election.

Insiders at IEL and the Department of Development grumble at the thought of Manuge's possible return. Dalhousie University economist Mike Bradfield, who wrote a report for the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council in 1973 denouncing the "big game hunter" approach, says now that "Manuge was the epitome of that very stupid approach." He adds that "to continue in the old way is wrong, and has been proven wrong."

Economic development in Nova Scotia is more sophisticated than it was when industrial collapse almost became the new provincial emblem. Although IEL's role is still to lure out-of-province industry, its methods have changed. Now there are monitoring groups, computer analyses, screening devices, careful criteria. Provincial economic policy has turned to an emphasis on marketing, upgrading local managerial skills and manpower training—all notions that come under the rubric of self-reliance.

Manuge, an art gallery owner in downtown Halifax for five years now, declined to comment on his return to IEL, but his views are part of the record. He has never doubted that the net effect of his activities was positive. Michelin, Volvo, Crossley-Karastan, are some of the names brought in when things were happening.

But for many, Manuge's possible return clicks unnervingly, like the sound of the clock turning backward. Will he really come back? "I doubt it," says a Department of Development official. "I doubt that the minister [of Development, Roland Thornhill] would look favorably on it." But what about Premier John Buchanan, who has an affinity for simple ideas and fancies himself a backer of bold ones too? "No comment," said the official



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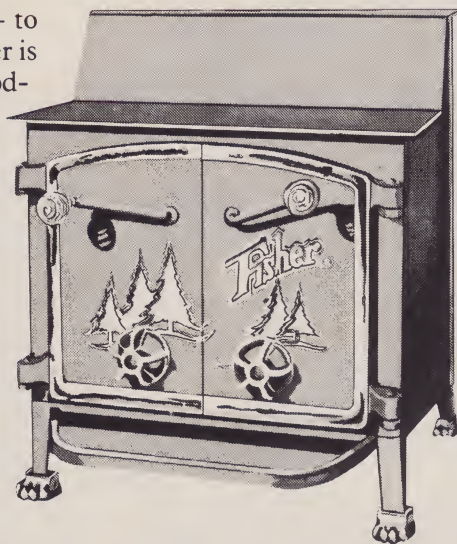




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## Nova Scotia

with a sly laugh. In Nova Scotia, however, the temptation to go for big game is strong.

But the current case of Govind Jolly, one of IEL's biggest catches, should give the government pause. Jolly is suing IEL, Masonite Canada and the Mercantile Bank of Canada for allegedly having conspired illegally to put him into bankruptcy and hand his Anil hardboard plant over to Masonite. He charges that when foreclosure took place on Nov. 10, 1975, the parties failed to notify him that he was in default, action, he says, that was required by the terms of his debentures. His suit alleges the whole transaction—the receivership, IEL's purchase of the property which was "recklessly and frivolously" sold at a sheriff's auction and the resale to Masonite Canada Ltd.—is null and void.

But it's the claim of conspiracy that's most startling. The Mercantile Bank of Canada foreclosed on a loan of \$3.5 million. Mercantile is a subsidiary of the First National City Bank of New York which, the suit says, is the banker for Masonite Corporation and International Paper which own Masonite Canada. Jolly charges that the bank was in a conflict of interest situation and "showed undue anxiety to extend financial assistance" to Anil.

The suit says Masonite tried unsuccessfully to purchase the property twice (in 1973 and 1974), that Masonite president Ross Staples was at the auction. It claims that IEL purchased the property at less than half its real value and that "there was an understanding among them and then IEL undertook to sell and transfer same or principal part to Masonite at a price far below its real value."

At the time Anil was short of working capital. The Indian government had slapped on currency controls, so Anil couldn't get money from its head office; the North American market for hardboard had gone soft; and Manuge—who had left the company by then—claimed that the province's refusal to raise weight limits on highways was costing Anil millions in transportation costs.

Of the \$21-million investment in the plant at the time of the foreclosure, \$14 million was IEL's, or IEL-backed, \$3.5 million was Anil's, and the rest was borrowed from the Mercantile Bank. How the spoils are settled is up to the courts. The only thing clear right now is that with Manuge's possible appointment as chairman and Jolly's lawsuit, IEL is moving back into the limelight after nearly a decade in the political shadows. — **Ralph Surette**



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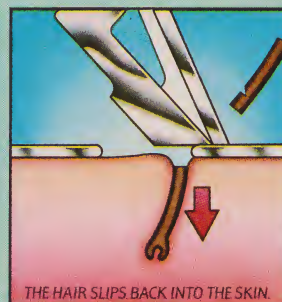
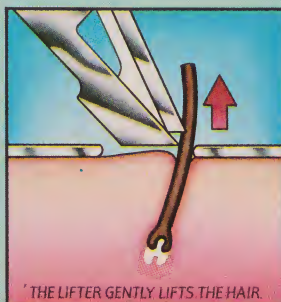
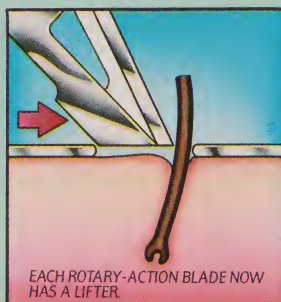
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## Newfoundland and Labrador

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— John Guille Millais, *British naturalist and big game hunter, 1907*

Ever since the late 1890s, when hordes of hunters used the newly opened Newfoundland Railway to intercept caribou in their autumn migrations, it's been obvious that the island's vast, inhospitable interior would never again be a natural sanctuary for big game. The railway brought unprecedented numbers of men and firearms into the central barrens and turned a fair hunt into a slaughter. Public outrage led to Newfoundland's first bag limits on caribou, but the province is only beginning to grasp the real lesson of that senseless over-hunting: Interior development increases access to caribou grounds and with access, hunting—legal or illegal, responsible or reckless—increases too.

When the railway first penetrated Newfoundland's wilderness in 1896, an estimated 100,000 to 200,000 caribou roamed the island. Today they number around 25,000. Although the province has tried recently to balance wildlife management, development and hunting rights—Newfoundland is the only part of southern Canada which still has any caribou—success has been discouragingly limited. Without a new approach to protection, wildlife experts say, there may well be no more wild herds of caribou in Newfoundland by the end of this century. Caribou will survive, but only as animals raised for meat on ranches, like the once-wild Scandinavian reindeer. They will no longer be a natural part of the woods and barrens.

"If our estimates are accurate—and I think our figures are pretty good—the herds should be increasing exponentially," says chief wildlife biologist Eugene Mercer. With a legal kill of less than 5% a year and good reproduction, the island herds should be averaging 15% growth each year. But they're not; they're barely stable. And once yearly growth drops below

9% or 10%, the population starts to decline. Natural predators aren't the problem. "We could have well over 100,000 caribou on the island," Mercer says, "if we could control the poaching."

No one can say how bad the poaching problem really is because counting the roaming caribou herds is time-consuming, expensive work. Several of the 21 attempts to reintroduce caribou to parts of the island where they no longer live have been either set back or scuttled completely by illegal hunting. One problem is that poaching is socially acceptable. "It needs to be frowned on," Mercer says. Sloppy hunting is another factor in the overkill. On the opening day of the season this September, an unusually large herd of 300 deer were caught in a 40-square-mile triangle between two roads and St. Mary's Bay. Hunters, who apparently shot into the disturbed, running groups of caribou, wounded at least 20 and left them to die. "The massacre at Peter's River," grabbed headlines but isn't an isolated incident. Loss as a result of crippling accounts for 20% or 30% of the legal kill every year, Mercer estimates.

Still another problem is encroaching civilization. Today, Newfoundland boasts more than 6,000 miles of public highway, and although only a handful of year-round settlements are still without land links, public pressure for more road building hasn't let up. Hydro projects, power transmission lines and mining roads likewise continue to conquer the wilderness, opening up more and more of what naturalist Millais called "this untrodden waste." The new Burgeo road slices through the habitat of the La Poile herd, the largest of the island's remaining native herds. The Upper Salmon River hydro development, now under construction near Bay d'Espoir, will flood part of the Grey River herd's traditional calving area. The transmission line which will bring Upper Salmon power to St. John's cuts through the habitat of the Middle Ridge herd. The Northern Peninsula herd, already down



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## Newfoundland & Labrador

to a fraction of its size a century ago, faces a major hydro line from Labrador and another possible cross-country road. Although it's nearly twice the size of the Maritimes and largely empty of people, Newfoundland—from the caribou's perspective—begins to look rather small.

In Labrador, the caribou's lot is better than on the island in some ways but worse in others, and complicated by the deer's lack of respect for the Quebec border. The George River herd—one of the world's largest—which roams from the north Labrador coast west to James Bay, seems in good shape despite problems in interprovincial management. While Newfoundland sanctions an unlimited subsistence harvest for native northern Labradorians who take about 2,400 caribou a year, Quebec's vigorous sports hunting industry takes more than twice that number from the same herd. Quebec insists the herd is at least twice the size of Newfoundland's cautious 150,000-200,000 estimate. But Newfoundland is interested in the commercial potential of the George River herd: Feasibility studies for both a sports hunting industry and a cash-for-meat harvest are under way. Hunting in southern Labrador (Lake Melville to Schefferville and south) was closed for the first time this year, a case of shutting the barn door after the horse—or caribou—was out: Overhunting has all but annihilated the smaller Lac Joseph and St. Augustine herds.

Help for Newfoundland's wild caribou could come in the form of wilderness reserves which would guarantee that man remains only a visitor in certain parts of the province. Recognizing "that we must be willing to forego some economic development" in the interest of "the social and cultural heritage of the province," the Peckford government passed such a law in May to applause from the Opposition and groups like the Canadian Nature Federation which calls it the best new conservation law in the country.

But provincial biologists expect no more than two wilderness areas in Labrador and two on the island to survive the rigorous public hearing process and advisory council reports which the law requires before wildlands can be put off limits for development. But even that will help. The new law holds out some hope that along with codfish and national debts, the caribou will remain a living symbol of Newfoundland.

— Amy Zierler



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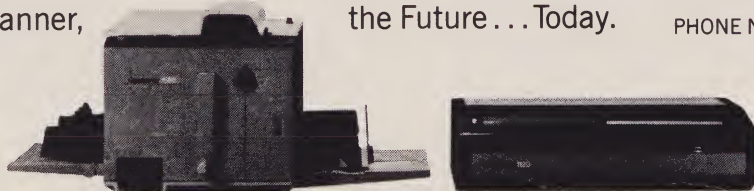
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## New Brunswick

# Will the SANB matter?

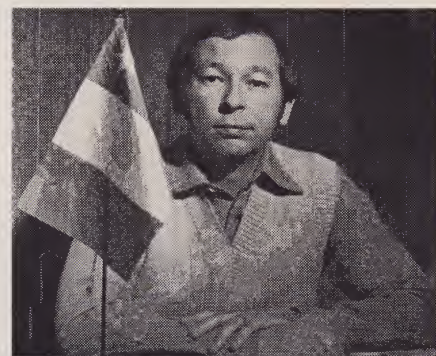
*The Société des Acadiens du Nouveau-Brunswick is beset by internal squabbling but the new president believes he can bring Acadians back together*

Gilles Halley of Bathurst, a 37-year-old educator from Valleyfield, Que., earns his living by travelling through French-speaking New Brunswick promoting peace in the world. Since June, he's taken on what might be an even more difficult task. As the new president of the Société des Acadiens du Nouveau-Brunswick (SANB), he's trying to bring about peace in Acadia.

Nineteen eighty ought to have been a great year for assuming the leadership of what has been New Brunswick's most prominent francophone organization. The federal government proposed entrenching French-language rights in a new constitution and the N.B. government recognized the equality of the province's two official language groups. It should have been music to Acadian ears, but maybe they couldn't hear amid the tumultuous discord over the question: Who speaks for Acadia?

The SANB and its predecessor, the Société Nationale des Acadiens (SNA), have spoken for N.B. francophones since 1955. In 1971, the SANB and Acadian organizations in the other two Maritime provinces were set up; the SNA became a liaison group. The federal Secretary of State Department conferred quasi-official status on the SANB, and now funds it to the tune of \$500,000 a year, one-quarter of all the money given to such groups in Canada. But recently, the SANB began sounding less like a broad-based advocate of Acadian interests than like a publicity agent for the Parti Acadien. After a raucous annual meeting in June in Shippegan, many disenchanted "moderates" complained to the Secretary of State Department that the SANB had been taken over by "radicals." As a result, federal funds were suspended and an inquiry launched.

In October, Francis Fox, the minister, came to Moncton to announce that funding would be resumed. He said his department might very well conduct a survey to determine what issues the 240,000 Acadians in the province want the SANB to tackle.



CHRIS LOVEGROVE

Halley: Can he bring peace to Acadia?

SANB critics were not entirely won over by Fox's endorsement. Jean-Claude LeBlanc, last year's president, said: "I'm not too sure whether anything has changed. It may have, somewhat."

At the annual meeting, he said, the delegates ignored all recommendations of the executive. Instead they agreed that the number one priority for the SANB in 1980 should be helping Jackie Vautour and others regain their land expropriated for Kouchibouguac National Park. (A resolution favoring the Acadian province option failed by only two votes.) LeBlanc was incensed. "At a time when the Acadian people, as never before in their history, had an opportunity to play a real role in the redefinition of the Canadian political system, the assembly established Kouchibouguac as the number one priority."

LeBlanc said members who did not support an Acadian province were made to feel "less Acadian" by those who did. Gerald Snow, former secretary general, said anyone espousing moderate policies was subject to vicious personal attacks. "They try to convert you all the time. And if you don't agree, they jump on you."

Although any French-speaking person may join the SANB, its membership has never risen above a few thousand. Paul-Emile Richard, who until Nov. 1 was editor of the Moncton daily *L'Evangéline*, remembers when the SANB had mass support, "when they were fighting for popular goals, for example in education services." He said the organization got into difficulty when it felt it had to be politically active. "Their mandate is to be a pressure group, not a political movement."

Richard, now with the CBC, says it



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## New Brunswick

is only natural that the same people who are active in the Parti Acadien, which has yet to elect a member to the legislature, should become active in the SANB. "You'll find the same people because they are interested in public affairs and are strong nationalists. The danger is that the radicals will become a majority in the SANB and take it over. That almost happened in Shippegan."

He said most Acadians simply aren't interested in either the SANB or the Parti Acadien. To some, these organizations appear to be one and the same, particularly since Donatien Gaudet went from being SANB president to Parti Acadien leader before resigning this year. When the SANB decided this summer to move its head office from Moncton, where it has always been, to Petit Rocher, a village north of Bathurst, there was only a yawn in the southeast. "If the SANB were important for the southeast, there would have been cries of 'don't move.' When they announced they were going to move, there was a 'so what?' At that point, they had a low credibility." Richard says since 1977 the SANB simply stopped espousing a position on the entrenchment of rights in a new constitution.

If the SANB is to regain some of its lost influence among Acadians, it will be up to new president Halley, who married into the Acadian family when he wed the former Irène Chamberlain. He works for the Canadian Catholic Organization for Peace and Development promoting an awareness of conditions in the Third World. He says he hopes critics will not give up on the SANB. "I've met some of these people. The door is always open and I hope they will come back." He said the SANB will now definitely be placing a good deal of emphasis on the major issues of the constitution and Bill 84. The SANB has also embarked on a 15-district reorganization plan whose object, says Georges Bordages, interim secretary-general, is to encourage more people to join and participate in the organization.

Meanwhile, there is no lack of old-fashioned dragons around for the SANB to slay. Bordages: "The signs are in English around Edmundston." Richard: "A village like Caraquet must send its budget to Fredericton (the capital) in English." Halley: "Even though most of our school districts are now unilingual, there are two that remain bilingual, Richibucto-Rexton and Grand Falls." With talk like that, it almost sounds like the SANB is back to business as usual. — Jon Everett



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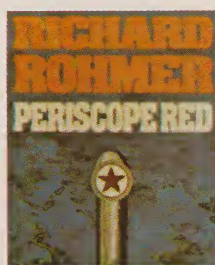
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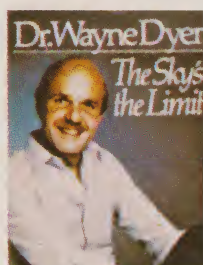
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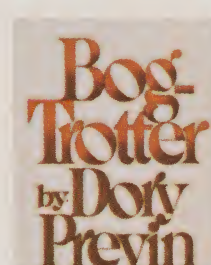
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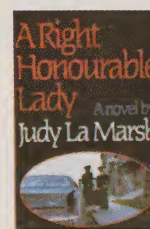
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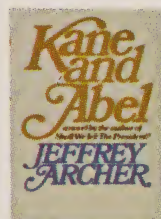
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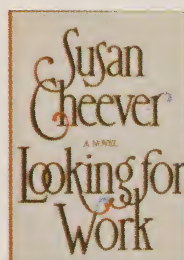
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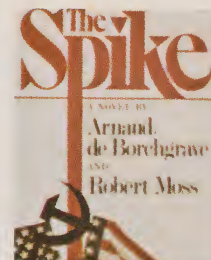
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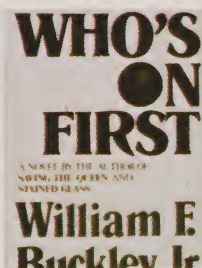
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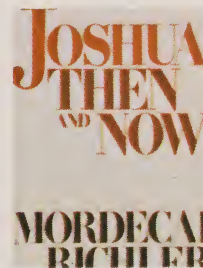
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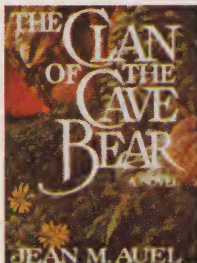


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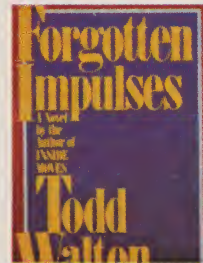
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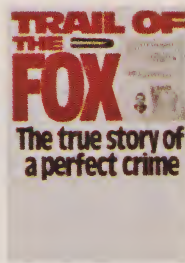
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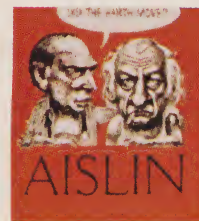
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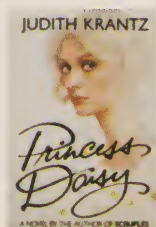
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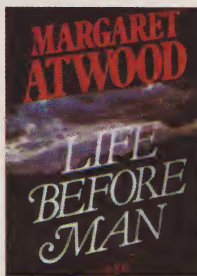
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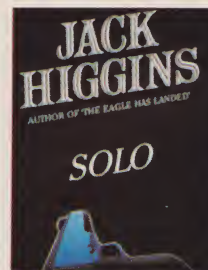
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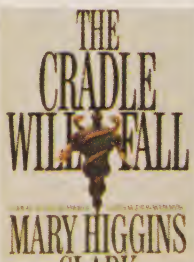
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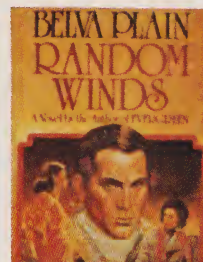
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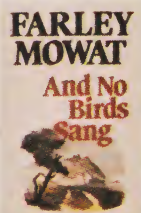
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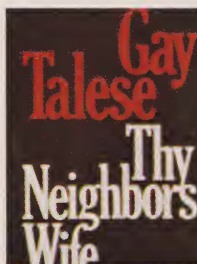
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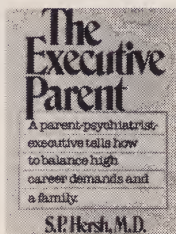
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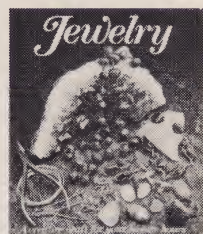
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## Ottawa Diary

# Jim Moore: He writes the words

*For this former N.S. reporter, being Trudeau's speech writer means staying mostly invisible*

To keep in his boss's good graces, Jim Moore does his best to remain Ottawa's Invisible Man. But the former Nova Scotian's words are preserved for posterity in the official pages of Parliament's *Hansard*. Reporters record his sentences for their newspapers and television cameras whirl as his statements are delivered nationwide. Such is the fate of being the prime minister's speech writer.

"If I've made a conscious decision, it's to stay invisible," says Moore, 44, a soft-spoken, friendly man who, after six years of anonymity, consented to chat on the record for the first time since becoming Pierre Trudeau's only English-language speech writer.

It's not that he doesn't trust the press—he was once a reporter with the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* himself. It's just that a high-profile speech writer can easily leave the impression that the prime minister merely mouths somebody else's words. That's a false impression, Moore insists. "What he says is very much his own."

A look behind the scenes at Moore's work world, writing speeches for the prime minister, provides some intriguing insights. Trudeau is demanding, but never gets angry or makes him feel incompetent, Moore says. The pattern for writing Trudeau's speeches is rarely the same. Sometimes, the topic is the prime minister's. Other times, the prime minister will ask for advice. Then Moore will ask for ideas from a circle of advisers, inside and outside of government.

Once the speech has landed on Trudeau's desk, he'll usually respond by the next day. Then, the two men talk. Sometimes, when Trudeau gets caught up in drafting a speech, he'll close his eyes, imagine himself at the podium and launch into a delivery of the speech—a drama that always makes the writing easier. If the speech is on a sensitive subject, there can be as many as eight or nine drafts.

Moore and Trudeau work well together, partly because their backgrounds are similar. Trudeau grew up in Quebec as a Roman Catholic, taught by Jesuit priests. Moore, raised in Nova Scotia as a Roman Catholic, studied to become a Jesuit priest and taught high school for several years before he left the priesthood in 1964. Their training makes both men tend to use words in the same way.

Moore is impressed by his boss's knack for committing short speeches almost instantly to memory. "I've often stood in an audience and would hear paragraphs coming out verbatim, even though he wasn't reading the text," says Moore. "It was a real tour de force."

Moore's definition of a good speech is persuasive, forceful, clear and simple. Having a great event with a sense of history helps too. Probably Moore's best speech for Trudeau was the one he wrote in April, 1976, during the capital punishment debate in the House of Commons. The abolitionists (Trudeau among them) won by just six votes. Many credit the victory to Trudeau's compelling speech.

Moore admits the most difficult part of speech writing is producing jokes under the pressure of a deadline—especially for Press Gallery dinners. He also admits that if a speech is pedestrian, Trudeau makes it sound that way. He remembers the agony of one Rotary Club luncheon in Toronto where Trudeau, bored with the speech, flipped through it ad-libbing lines like "here it reads" and "it says here to say." "I don't think I got beyond the soup in that one," Moore says with a grimace.

Initially, the prospect of being Trudeau's speech writer terrified Moore. The thought of the stock market fluctuating because of what the prime minister had said was frightening. Now he thinks that a speech writer becomes almost panic proof. But while the sense of terror subsides, the sense of awe stays on.

Moore's confidence was buoyed by the fact that his very first speech for Trudeau was in Nova Scotia, at a testimonial dinner for Allan MacEachen in 1973. Then MacEachen's speech writer, Moore had been asked by Trudeau's staff to do the speech as a favor. As things turned out, Trudeau, charmed by the speech, which even included a few words of Gaelic, later hired him. "It was a nice way to start," says Moore. He has yet to tell his boss of the four dinner speeches delivered that night, he wrote three himself.

— Julianne Labreche

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## ROYAL BANK



# Cover Story

*It took luck, crazy accidents, a blossoming love affair, a songbird with weight worries. Then came a smart manager and, somehow, it came together as Stages, Atlantic Canada's first successful cabaret theatre. It's branching out, but it knows where it started: With a former waitress who became, onstage, the tempestuous star to end them all...*

# JUDY JUDY JUDY

By Stephen Kimber

**T**he story of Stages, Atlantic Canada's only cabaret theatre, and of Sharron Timmins, its first star-in-the-making, is tangled up with so many incredible, crazy collisions of time and circumstance that even the most audacious Broadway playwright wouldn't dare to squeeze them all into a single production.

If, for example, Sharron Timmins, then an ambitionless Ottawa secretary, hadn't been dragged along by a girlfriend to a musical audition in 1972, she wouldn't have spent the next two years touring the country as the lead singer for a lounge showband called Terry Dee's Rock and Roll Circus, would never have come to Halifax and fallen in love with the place, wouldn't have landed a job as the hostess for a Maritime television variety show, and wouldn't have met a CBC publicist and would-be actress named Ferne Downey.

Or if Paul Ledoux, an aspiring novelist from Halifax then living in Montreal, hadn't overcome his own distaste for drama long enough to write the best English language one-act play in Quebec in 1976 just to prove he could do it, he wouldn't have written another play called *The Night They Raided Truxx*, wouldn't have returned to Halifax in 1978 to see it produced and wouldn't have fallen in love with Ferne Downey, who was then the play's stage manager. And if Downey, originally from Riverview, N.B., and Ledoux hadn't decided to live together, Downey wouldn't have taken the job at CBC to make ends meet and wouldn't have invited Sharron Timmins to share their Halifax flat and their rent.

All of those accidental coming together are only the barest beginnings of the sweetly unsimple story of the founding of Stages last year. If a CBC-TV producer hadn't once bluntly told Timmins that her future television prospects would depend less on her abilities as a hostess and a singer and more on her willingness to lose weight, Timmins wouldn't have come home for dinner one night in the winter of 1979 in a blue funk and Paul Ledoux wouldn't have tried to cheer her up by offering to write a one-woman show especially for her. The show was *Judy*, a musical based on the tragic, tempestuous life of American

DAVID NICHOLS



Timmins: "I want people to say, 'She's a good entertainer' "



movie actress Judy Garland, and it became the launching pad both for Stages and for Sharron Timmins's new career in the theatre.

Back then, however, Sharron Timmins was still just a dissatisfied television performer and Stages wasn't even a gleam in anyone's eye. The truth was that Ledoux and Downey had reluctantly concluded they'd run through all the skimpy career possibilities open for them in Halifax and were planning to move permanently to Toronto. "The idea," Ledoux says now, "was to go there and make some



Downey, Parsons, Ledoux: A sweetly unsimple story



Sharron Timmins as herself... and as Judy Garland

money so we could come back and rent a theatre in Halifax to put on *Judy* ourselves as a kind of final farewell to Halifax."

Another simple twist of fate changed those plans too. In early fall, 1979, John Condos, the Commonwealth Holiday Inn's Toronto-based entertainment consultant came to Halifax to advise local hotel management on what to do with Flanagan's, a faltering hotel lounge that featured rock bands and empty chairs. Although Condos had been impressed by the recent successes of Toronto dinner theatres, and the Holiday Inn's local innkeeper, Ingo Koch, was intrigued by the idea, Condos had virtually no contacts in the local entertainment business to get the thing started. In desperation, he called a singer he knew named Sharron Timmins who'd played some Holiday Inns in her time and had, Condos remembered, once sung in a production at Halifax's Neptune Theatre. Over a drink, Condos told Timmins about his problem and Timmins told Condos about her room-mates. "We were just talking about the kind of theatre that might work in a space like Flanagan's," Timmins remembers, "and about how there couldn't be more than one or two actors and how it should involve music and, as we were talking, it suddenly hit me...*Judy*!"

Although initially skeptical about the whole project—"We figured we might do a little consulting for them and then get on with our plans to move to Toronto," Downey says—Ledoux and Downey quickly found themselves rushing to set up their own company, Pop Productions

Ltd., to run the new theatre, frantically supervising the necessary renovation of Flanagan's and anxiously polishing and rehearsing *Judy* in preparation for its scheduled opening at the end of January, 1980, less than two months away.

Even though *Judy* was an instant hit with both critics and audiences, the quality of the productions that followed in the first season was occasionally uneven and the box office was often bad. Ledoux could write interesting plays and Downey might be a first-rate promoter, but the simple truth was that Stages needed a full-time producer, someone who combined theatrical experience with a reverence for the bottom line, before it could make the transition from what would likely have been a transitory self-indulgence into a thriving commercial theatre.

Enter Trevor Parsons. Parsons was another of those fortuitous accidents that freckle the Stages story. Parsons, 31, a onetime Halifax high school basketball whiz who took his first university theatre course for no better reason than to fill out his liberal arts course load, got hooked on the theatre and wound up in Montreal in 1976 as Centaur Theatre's chief technician and lighting designer. One of his neighbors in east end Montreal was Paul Ledoux and they often spent mornings together over croissants and small talk. Three years later, when the Holiday Inn approached Ledoux about Stages, he suggested they hire Parsons. Parsons, by then Neptune Theatre's production manager, wasn't available but Ledoux and Downey kept trying and finally lured him to their new theatre in May.

The result of all those incredibly lucky bits of happenstance is that Stages is now the most interesting and exciting Maritime theatrical experiment since the first regional theatres were founded in the early 1960s—with one difference. Stages is designed to make money. "I worked in regional theatre for 12 years," Parsons says, "and it was practically like being in the civil service. There was no bottom line, no impetus to run efficiently. If you dropped 50 grand one season, you always knew that somebody like the Canada Council or the government was going to be around to pick it up. That's why I came to Stages. I wanted to be able to be responsible for my own success or failure."

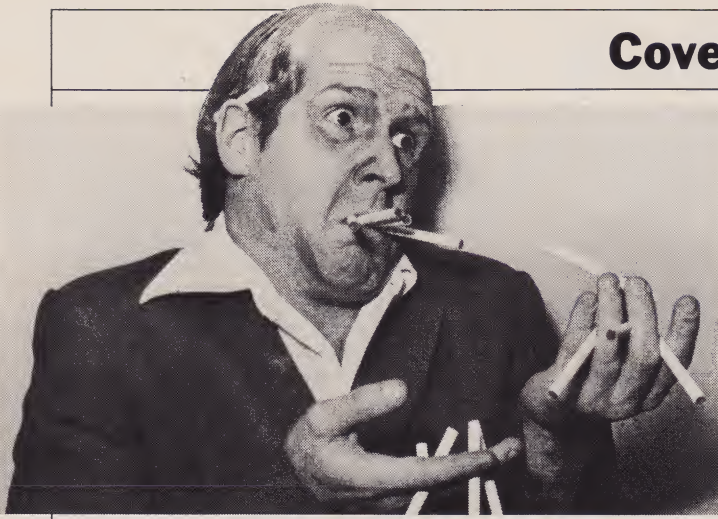
But Stages aims to be something more than simply a play-it-safe dinner theatre featuring commercially proven fare by the likes of Neil Simon. "Even the regional theatres are all doing British and U.S. crap," Ledoux scoffs. "We wanted to create our own plays, to prove that we could create quality entertainment and use local talent and that people would appreciate it."

Like *Judy*, the show which Ledoux originally wrote to cheer up Sharron Timmins and which has since had two highly successful runs at Stages. Although *Judy* is easily Stages' most popular play, the theatre's first season also included four other original productions ranging from Chris Heide's *Pogie*, a distinctly regional look at life on unemployment insurance, to *Rave Reviews*, an ambitious attempt to stitch together the work of Nova Scotian humorists into a single show. "*Spring Thaw*, who needs it?" enthused CBC reviewer Tom MacDonnell. "Go and see *Rave Reviews*."

Stages' second season is even more ambitious. Besides *Judy*, which was brought back to open it this September and then held over for three weeks to accommodate demand, Stages will offer four other new productions including *Spaceport Bar and Grill* by award-winning Halifax science fiction writer Spider Robinson, and *Chasin' Broadway Flo*, a new Ledoux romantic musical comedy starring Page Fletcher and Lenore Zann, the Truro actress who wowed critics last year with her performance in *Hey, Marilyn!* at Edmonton's Citadel Theatre (*Atlantic Insight*, April 1980) and is now up to her neck in movie offers.



## Cover Story



Bill Carr's René Lévesque in *Rave Reviews*



Helen Goodwin and Sandy Moore in first season's *Back to Berlin*

"Landing Lenore and Page [another Nova Scotian actor getting starring roles at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa] was a real coup for us," Parsons admits cheerfully. But when *Chasin' Broadway Flo* opens at Stages this month, Parsons, Ledoux and Downey will be only half paying attention. In what they hope will be just the first in a series of Stages productions to hit the road, *Judy* will also have reopened at Toronto's popular Basinstreet Cabaret for an indefinite run. And for Sharron Timmins, who again plays Judy Garland, the Toronto production just might be another step on the road to stardom.

"I don't want to be a star or a personality," Sharron Timmins says carefully. "What I'd like most is that some day people will say about me, 'She's a good entertainer.'" We're sitting at a table near the stage in the dark, empty former lounge that is now Stages. In a few hours, she will strut across that stage once again as Judy, demonstrate what one reviewer called her "amazing presence," show off what another said was her "real bundle of talent," and prepare herself for Toronto and the chance to back up the boast of a third reviewer that she was "headed for stardom."

She tries not to think about whether her Toronto acting début will lead to other roles in theatre or in films, or whether it will all come tumbling down in a couple of weeks of half-full houses and bad reviews that will drive her back to fronting for another band in another bar. "I'm not worried," she insists. "I've never really gone after anything and things have just happened. I've been very lucky."

She has. Born in 1952 to a Hull, Que., cocktail waitress and her bartender husband, she grew up on the fringes of the entertainment business but, although her parents often took her to matinée performances at the country club

where they worked and rented rooms to the touring musicians who played there, Sharron never took the idea of a show business career seriously. Like lots of other working-class girls she traded in her high school commercial certificate for a secretarial job.

"But my girlfriend had her eye on an organist in this band and she used to drag me along to see them," Sharron says now. Her friend convinced her to come along as moral support while she auditioned for a singing job with the band in 1972. Sharron got the job instead and two weeks later she was in Gault, Ont., singing in a bar with Terry Dee's Rock and Roll Circus. The group's next booking was a month's tour of the Maritimes. "I'd never been east of Montreal before that," Sharron says with a laugh, "and I guess I expected Halifax to be a real hick town." By the time she left, however, she'd fallen in love with the city. Two years later, she quit the band and headed for Halifax where she wound up waitressing and waiting for something to happen. When she heard that Neptune was auditioning actor-singers for a production of *Godspell*, she decided to give it a try. "I'd only been to one play—*Hair*—in my whole life," Timmins remembers, "but I got the job and an Equity card the same day. I didn't even know what Equity was then." Although she appeared in other Neptune productions, her singing performance in a Sunday afternoon benefit concert at the Neptune was what brought her to the attention of a CBC producer who offered her guest spots on local variety shows and then, in 1978, a chance to host her own show. The television program, *Carousel*, led to the meeting with Downey, the depression, *Judy*, Stages, and now Toronto. "It really has been amazing," she says, "and lucky. Very lucky."

It will, of course, take more than mere luck or new collisions of time and circumstance to ensure Stages' future. Despite its critical early success and its improving box office (*Judy*, during its second run, played consistently to 80% full houses), Stages has yet to make a penny for the Holiday Inn. Although innkeeper Ingo Koch remains optimistic about Stages' future, he admits "it takes time for something like this to develop. It's not like booking a band in a lounge. If you have a lousy band for two weeks, you know you can pick up the audience again as soon as they leave. With a theatre, you're much more subject to the critics and community acceptance of what you do, in order to survive." But the hotel chain has already taken one careful look at Stages following its first season and was impressed enough to give Parsons the go-ahead to sign new contracts for a second season that won't end until May, 1981. "You have to also look at factors other than just financial," he adds, "like the image of the hotel. Stages gives us a bit of sophistication. I'm very encouraged by it and very pleased with what the people involved have done with it." "The Holiday Inn people," reciprocates Ledoux, "have been so much easier to deal with than the Canada Council."

Parsons, Ledoux and Downey are confident that Stages will soon begin to make money for the hotel. "We think we have a really good season lined up," Parsons says, "and that if we can bring people to see theatre in this setting and they like it, they'll be back." And if *Judy*'s Toronto run is a success, Parsons will use that both to convince local theatre goers of Stages' legitimacy and also to help sell other Stages shows to dinner theatres in other centres.

"What we are trying to do," Ledoux says, "is to try and prove that original, interesting theatre can be done in Nova Scotia and done well. And it can make money." He adds happily, "I think we're already beginning to do that." ☒



## Europe by rail

*While passenger train travel is dying back here at home, Europeans are rediscovering it and hoping that tourists, bored by the airport-to-hotel syndrome, will take to the new look and new comfort of train travel. Canadian railways, please note*

By Marilyn MacDonald

**P**arisians dislike Charles de Gaulle Airport. They say it isn't French. Only is French. De Gaulle is...well, what? Efficient, they say, and you know what they mean: Check-in modules, planned traffic patterns and conveyor belts on which human figures move through galactic domes toward the next point of control.

Efficient, they say, and you know they mean the kind of hotel which, if you're not careful, you often find in Paris today. They end up on travel

flight from Montreal, Charles de Gaulle, in fact, doesn't look so efficient. It's early in the morning and the place is teeming with people, all the faces wearing the pale, waxy look of the overnight flight passenger. They're not especially cranky, but arguments or misunderstandings are a possibility.

At passport control there are no lineups, just masses of people. There's no pushing and shoving, just a little discreet elbowing from a slower line into one that seems to be moving faster. Nobody seems to have the energy to complain. One woman makes

even the customs man looks abashed. She's not taking it anymore. Baggage piles up, the crowds behind her undulate, shifting weight from left to right as she makes a few things clear to everybody within hearing.

It's not a bad beginning for a trip that will take 10 Canadian journalists on an intensive trip through three European countries by train. We face a week of being earth borne, not airborne, clumped and clustered together, without escape from the presence of fellow travellers, without seating arrangements—except special advance reservations; no long waits and baggage checks, just station stops that can last as little as two or three minutes and God help the slow-footed; no porters and carousels, just racks overhead and God again be the aid of any fool travelling with a heavy suitcase.

There's a seductiveness about the idea of trains for Canadians. For us, or some of us anyway, they're not just a



New Eurail trains woo you with style, scenery and cuisine that's got flair

agents' lists, respectably rated as the kind of thing that would most conveniently meet the complex but inexorable demands of the North American traveller. Twin travesties of Sheraton and Howard Johnson's. Vast reception areas, mirrored, muralled and chandeliered to death, lead to elevators which lead to considerably less lavish corridors and rooms that are a European's fantasy of contemporary North American taste. Chrome tubes, white plastic and orange tile.

When we arrive on an overseas

a careless turn, whacking her shoulder bag into another woman who looks miffed but doesn't speak. A short blond rejoins her husband in line, pushing ahead of a middle-aged couple who look daggers but say nothing.

Then there's a fight. Great God! A thin woman with an anxious face is bawling hell out of a French customs man because someone else pushed into line ahead of her. Some of the crowd is curious, others look away discreetly. She doesn't care. The perspiration is glowing on her bony forehead and

way of getting there. Trains wove the intercolonial connection and breathed life into a country which, if now embattled, can, under the layers of scar tissue that insulate its heart, still be moved by the sheer guts of the idea of the railroad. The national dream.

Where straight history left off, the culture carried on—even the part of it that we imported. What was the first great silent movie if not *The Great Train Robbery*? Sixty years later, what makes a film like *The Missouri Breaks* memorable (except for the dubious pleasure of examining Marlon Brando's



# Travel

bloated bulk) but the train robbery and Jack Nicholson's perfect train robber's face, all shifty and callous?

At home in New Waterford, N.S., train songs on CJCB radio from Sydney steamed through my father's recorded collection of Sir Thomas Beecham's interpretations of Handel. "You're on that Pan American on your way to New Orleans..." "She's the California Zephyr, the Union Pacific Queen..." "That big eight-wheeler rollin' down the track..."

There was the old S & L, the Sydney and Louisbourg railway, immortalized in local song and, even more legendary in its time, the Newfie Bullet, famous for its distinction between classes of tickets: In first class, they said, you smelled oranges; in second class, feet.

There was Gordon Lightfoot's "Canadian Railroad Trilogy" and, much, much better, his "Steel Rail Blues." Later, Lightfoot put a musical seal on the end of an era with a line from his "Early Morning Rain": *You can't hop a jet plane like you can a freight train...*

As a kid, I was familiar with trains before I began to take cars for granted. We took trains to visit family in Halifax and Saint John and Fredericton. The seats were huge, comfortable, high-backed. They were deep emerald and wine plush with white linen antimacassars to rest your head on. (Only you were never, on pain of something dire, to rest your head near one of them because you never knew who'd been sitting there before you. This was as vitally important as never letting any part of you touch the toilet seat and fleeing at the very sight of a roller towel.) And one fine June night, it was a train that carried my mother, my sister and me from North Sydney—an event recorded in a snapshot of two small, impossibly clean little girls squinting into a glaring sunset—to Halifax, where my father met us at the station and took us out to dinner to celebrate our arrival in our new home.

The last time I rode a train in Canada was about seven years ago and I promised myself it would be the last time ever. The cars were dirty and cramped, the crew offhand to the point of rudeness. Passenger trains are dead, they say, killed by the automobile, by high-speed, convenient air travel, by the neglect of the major railway companies, determined to cut losses as fast as government control boards approve the abandonment of unprofitable lines.

But what's happening in Europe?

European trains aren't without their own legends, but it's not romance

that's bringing them back. High fuel costs, the expense of air travel, the deflated feeling that haunts tourists who arrive home wondering if they've seen anything but a selection of airports, one—sorry, Parisians—not much different from another.

Most Europeans who travel distances under 1,000 miles, according to officials of the 16-country Eurail system, use the trains. It's less expensive (though prices are going up), it's reasonably fast (and getting faster), it's convenient (well, mostly) and you get to see more of the country and meet more

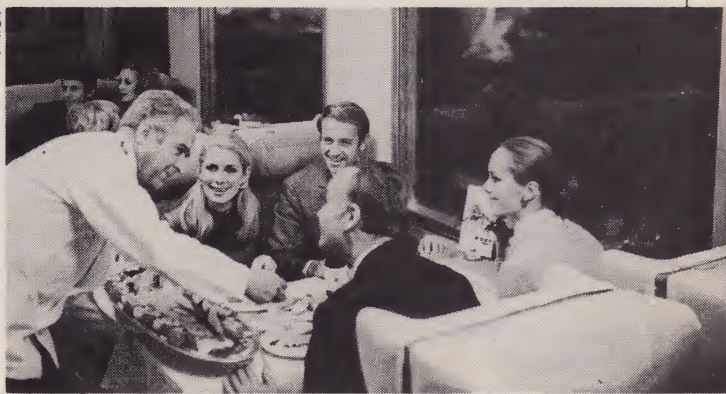
let's face it, there *are* stretches of scenery on any train route boring enough to numb anybody—don't last as long.

The new European trains woo you partly with design, partly with distraction. There are wide, panoramic windows. Inside, the seats are well spaced and comfortable. But it's the sense of occasion and expectancy about it that's best. You don't have to take off, so you don't have to pray (I still do). You have something to look forward to other than the prospect of hanging for hours at 35,000 feet, suspended between a



Gondolas still ply canals in Venice, but a train gets you there

of the people. Surely, Eurail figures, this must be worth something and they are out to prove it. They're replacing old, slower trains with new ones and by 1982 the cream of the fast-paced crop, the Trans European Express (TEE) trains will reach speeds of 185 miles an hour. It



Meal service at your seat? Why not?

sounds self-defeating when part of the purpose is to attract travellers, especially North Americans, who want to see as much as they can in the eight or 10 hours they've decided they can afford to "do" Switzerland. But it doesn't work badly. Although some of the trains we travelled in whizzed along at about 160 miles an hour, I could manage to tell a cow from a tree. The lakes and mountains were still spectacular. And the boring parts—and,

view of thick cloud blankets outside your window and the scarcely more inviting prospect of the inflight movie inside, while you hope that when it all comes down, it comes down when and where it should.

The night before we left from the Gare de Lyons, we'd taken the Paris metro to Notre Dame square, dodging bongo drummers and looking down from the bridge to see a *bateau mouche*, blazing with light, glide down the river



toward the Eiffel Tower. The Boulevard St. Michel was alive with people, mostly young couples, and at a Balkan restaurant, we ate an egg baked in cream, beef filet and a potato about the size of a squash.

Our train next morning was called the Mistral. European trains have great names: Cisalpin, Catalan Talgo, Rheingold. But the Mistral is the flagship—if that's no misnomer—of the French rail system. When it hits its form, the French proudly tell you, it will be the fastest in the entire European system, fastest in the world, even including the famous Japanese bullet trains. With the higher speed trains comes the necessity for new rail equipment to cut

beef; *pommes risollées*, *ratatouille niçoise*, cheese, fruits in kirsh, ice cream, Beaujolais. I don't know if anyone even noticed the scenery. But we arrived in Lyons early in the evening to confront—glory be—not a European Howard Johnson's but a lovely little French provincial hotel with inlaid writing desks, stately lounge, bolsters on the bed and, in some rooms, mahogany wardrobes the size of a whole wall.

Le Nandron, a restaurant in a city where merely being superb isn't half good enough, hadn't heard about our lunch on the Mistral, nor about Paul Bocuse and *cuisine minceur*, the weight-watcher's version of traditional

Barcelona train to Geneva en route to Lausanne, which is as good a place as any to mention a few words about train schedules in Europe. Experienced travellers tell you they're easy to follow and swear by the Thomas Cook company's published guide. Times, destinations and track numbers are clearly posted at the stations, which is fine as long as you know that it's the Barcelona train that will get you to Lausanne, if you remember to change in Geneva and provided nothing goes wrong.

Later, after a glorious day in Venice and a morning in Verona we were waiting at the station for a train to Milan that would connect us up with a train back to Switzerland's Alpine calm. Then came the news that there'd been a derailment. The Milan train would not be running. There were no announcements. Those lucky enough to speak a bit of Italian shuffled up to officials who, looking as puzzled as we were, said that (shrug) the train wouldn't run or (shrug) it might or (shrug, but with a nice smile) who knew?

Two Germans and an Englishman discussed hiring a car to drive to Milan but the Englishman feared the unfamiliar Italian roads. "No, no," said the first German, "it is *autobahn*. All right." "No," said the second, "here *autobahn* ends and *zen—ze game begins!*"

The train we took to Brescia, then Treviglio was not linen tablecloths and Beaujolais. Old women with wicker baskets set up lunches of fruit and sandwiches and argued over whether compartment windows should be left up or down. Kids wandered the aisles. The train seemed to stop at a station every few minutes. Then came another change to a Swiss train, cool, pride of the system in a country where with only slightly unpardonable smugness, a tourist official tells us "everything works."

Eurailpass rates stand now at \$247 for 15 days, \$306 for 21 days, \$376 for a month, \$505 for two months and \$623 for three months. A youth pass, for anyone under 26, goes for \$341. All rates will increase by 10% in 1981.

Your ticket pays for your passage and that's all—transportation from point to point. Supplements—sleeping accommodation, meals which range from lavish four or five course specials to a snack from a pushcart, bar service, even seats, unless reserved in advance, are all extra. The trains themselves vary from the clockwork precision of the Swiss beauties to the grungy, homey, old-shoe comfort of the branch line milk-runs. Maybe the latter had more of a touch of nostalgia for me. But I wouldn't mind trying out a bit of that Mistral style, coast to coast, back home. No sir.



Old world charm in Swiss capital of Bern



Bar car on the Mistral: Nice place to meet

down on sway, eliminate curves and tunnels along the old tracks. There's also a need for land expropriation, all of which Eurail has had in the works for several years and which it expects to have completed by 1982.

About distractions. We board the Mistral, bound for Lyons, to find our seats, with linen-covered fold-out tables, set for lunch. Ready? *Suprême de lotte* with lobster sauce; choice of game bird with mushrooms or roast

French cooking. Their *terrines à la maison*, *quenelles* and camembert were strictly for the unreformed and unrepentant. It took an entire day of marching through the city's richly preserved sites of the Roman conquest of the Gauls, its amphitheatre and—most of all, its old residences, now be-

ing refurbished as modern living quarters, to quiet our consciences (never mind our digestions) the next day. Lyonnais don't seem to mind people showing up to have a poke around their restored houses. One woman, beaming with pride, showed us a sitting room where the removal of a false ceiling had revealed an earlier one of carved wood, dating back to the 13th century.

Then it was time to run for the



# Folks



DAVID MICHILIS

## Christmas is a year-round business

**F**or Michael Falkenham of Northwest, N.S., Christmas is more than a once-a-year proposition. He's been preparing for the season all year, thinning, shearing and fertilizing his 10-acre crop of Christmas trees. Falkenham lives in Lunenburg County, which grows 35% of the Christmas trees exported from Canada. He cultivates fir and Scotch pine; some are exported, some sold locally. Local residents sometimes like to stop by Falkenham's farm in the fall to pick out a tree, and come back before Christmas to cut it themselves. Falkenham, who drives a bread truck, got into the tree business almost by accident. He had replanted a piece of land which had been logged over, and which he "felt sorry for." Somebody offered to buy the young pine trees for Christmas trees at \$3 apiece. Falkenham now spends about 30 hours a week on his part-time business. He's branching out into ornamental trees and planning to increase his acreage to become a full-time grower. In the meantime, tree farming is "something I enjoy doing," he says. "I might as well do this as sit home watching television or be down at the tavern."

**W**hile Canadian daily newspapers continue to disappear, the weekly field is a growth industry. Take for example, the case of *The Eastern Graphic*, published and edited for the past 17 years in Montague, P.E.I., by Jim MacNeill. A veteran of the daily trade himself, MacNeill launched the weekly on a small offset press in 1963. In the beginning, he did virtually everything himself but today he has a full-time staff of 15, and more Island columnists than all three daily newspapers combined. The secret of his success? Cover the local stories the other media bypass and feature investigative reports that make the publication must reading from one end of the Island to the other. Winning regional and national awards has become an annual event for MacNeill, who is currently president of the Atlantic Community Newspapers Association. Forty-three members strong, the Atlantic group is providing reporters with the formal training they rarely receive on the dailies. And, he says, the weeklies are also leading the dailies in coming to grips with new technology. "We were the first into offset printing and the first into computer typesetting. A lot of us operate on a shoe string so we've been forced to look at the product we're turning out." Not content to stay with a sure bet, MacNeill has launched a new venture—*The West Prince Graphic*, based in Alberton. "No one believes me, but I'm retiring as active editor," MacNeill says. "I'll continue to own the papers, but I'll do more reporting. A lot of people can run a business better than I can. The whole reason I'm doing this is to be a reporter." Besides, launching the Alberton paper was easier than setting up shop in Montague. "It took me 12 years to get a certain grocery ad in Montague, but now I've got them in Alberton before we even hit the streets."

**W**hen Jean Hearn Watt, 30, arrives home in St. John's this Christmas, she'll be expecting the usual under the Christmas tree: A doll. For Jean, an Edmonton schoolteacher, unwrapping the Christmas doll is as much a tradition as coming back to Newfoundland for the holidays. Jean has given up playing with dolls, but she still collects them. And in her spare time, she runs Jean's Doll House, one of the few doll stores in Canada. Her husband, Jim, an industrial arts education consultant, is the resident doll repairman. The store opened last year; this year sales have doubled. In Jean's collection are

about a dozen antique dolls, including Eaton's Beauty Dolls and German dolls from the early 1900s. There's also a Shirley Temple doll, which doesn't yet qualify as an antique but is quickly becoming more valuable. Missing from Jean's collection, however, are her own well-loved dolls from childhood. After she left home, she says, her father gave them away to an acquaintance with "lots of children and not much money."



## "Lightning Fingers" shows her form

**T**hey don't call Gail Leavitt "Lightning Fingers" for nothing. She's the fastest sardine-packer in the east—or, at least, in Charlotte County, N.B. Three times in a row, Leavitt, 32, has won the sardine-packing championship in the Hospitality Days-Fisheries Festival in St. Andrews. This year, she assembled 86 perfect cans of sardines in 10 minutes. That meant cutting off the heads and tails of 430 sardines and placing them carefully in cans. The judges wouldn't tolerate crudely severed tails, damaged gills or torn skin. "I guess I'm fast with my hands," she says. "I just put my head down and packed for 10 minutes and then I lifted my head and hoped for the best." Leavitt has worked at the Connors Brothers Ltd. fish plant at Back Bay, N.B., for the past 21 years, on and off. Every working day, she assembles 30 to 35 cases of sardines. Because packers get paid according to what they produce, she earns \$55 to \$60 a day. "What you put out is what you get," she says. "I like the money."





Godden: The sea's a strong force for her, and for Fortune too

**A**lthough she studied at the Ontario College of Art and travelled through Europe, the important thing to remember about **Norma Godden** is that she was born and raised by the sea in Harbour Grace, Nfld. "The sea has always been a strong force for me," she says, a truth that is self-evident in her latest work of art: A massive 100-square-foot stained glass window for All Saints Church in Fortune, Nfld. Stretching across one whole end of the church, the colorful creation is based on the gospel story of Jesus meeting with the fishermen who become his first apostles. The theme, she says, is especially meaningful in a community where everyone's livelihood stems from the sea. And unlike many contemporary works of art, the message in Godden's creation is easily appreciated by the entire community. Although she had taken some time away from art while bringing up two boys, Godden says she is exhilarated by her work and is now ready to tackle other, more contemporary stained glass projects.

**T**en years into retirement, **Bruce MacLaren** is busier than ever. A plant breeder at the federal agricultural research station in Charlottetown from 1929 until 1970, MacLaren has now become a regular on CBC Charlottetown's *Radio Noon*, tracking down—and testing—a surprising number of uses for the Island's wild plants. "It's sort of a tradition in our family. We were brought up to recognize birds and plants by their first names—we didn't just speak of them in scientific terms. We always used lamb's quarters as a potable herb. And I find it's as good as spinach." His favorite plant, though, is the wild rose. "Rose hip jam is probably the best wild plant product that I know. Rose petal jam is good too." A few years ago, he was instrumental in starting a program to control ragweed in the province and he's cur-

rently researching the economics of soybean production in the Island. When he isn't in the field or in the archives boning up on some aspect of the agricultural past, MacLaren takes his tape recorder to talk to Island pioneers. In spare moments, he also indulges a 43-year passion for the bagpipes. A highlight of his early career with the P.E.I. Highlanders Pipe Band was welcoming the Queen to Charlottetown as part of her 1939 Royal Tour. Currently a member of the less grandiose sounding Ho Hum Pipe Band, he's played at the Montreal Olympics, on radio, and "since cruise ships began coming here regularly in the past five years, I've welcomed virtually all of them." And there will be more work to do when the snow melts. "There's a lot of plants in P.E.I. that have never been reported or identified. I've found three myself and I hope to find time to pursue that further."

**A**t the age of 15, **Robert Phan** of Saint John already is making his mark as an artist. Phan, a Vietnamese refugee, arrived in Saint John with his family about a year and a half ago. He started attracting attention last fall when the New Brunswick Museum presented a seven-week exhibition of 33 of his paintings. Robert Percival, art curator for the museum, describes Phan as a "knowledgeable and sensitive" artist. "There is little doubt that the paintings show a rare accomplishment for one so young," Percival says. Phan paints nature subjects—mostly birds and insects. His materials—Oriental water colors, handmade rice-paper and bamboo brushes—are imported from Japan or China. Phan began studying art at the age of 11. For a while, he had two tutors, an Oriental artist and a Western artist who eventually left Vietnam. Percival says Phan displays "expert control of fluid brushstrokes and an inherent feeling for line,

color gradation and superb composition." The public seems to like Phan's work, too. By the end of the third week of his exhibition, half the paintings were sold.



Candyman Smith: Great stocking-stuffers

**A**round his home town of Hantsport, N.S., **Ken Smith** is known as The Candyman. Working out of a tiny, ivy-covered factory, he and his wife, Sharon, spend most of the year producing sponge toffee, five-cent suckers, peanut brittle and humbugs for the candy store trade in Halifax. But for Christmas each year, they help to keep alive a seasonal Maritime tradition by making barley toys (moulded animal figures) and ribbon candy as stocking stuffers. Smith, 50, was just looking for a job when he was hired as a candy-maker's helper in a local candy factory 31 years ago. In 1970, he opened his own shop but rising sugar prices and labor costs forced him to cut back to a family operation two years later. Although he admits he sometimes longs for a regular pay cheque, he's not quitting. When another local candy shop folded recently, Smith bought its crimper, a fairly rare piece of machinery used to give ribbon candy its shape. He already had one so he couldn't really use it, he admits. "But then," he adds with a wink, "neither can anyone else."

#### Correction

In our October issue, we inadvertently identified a photo of Sister Ann Ameen (Folks), who sells her hand-hooked rugs to help raise money for a home for teen-age girls in Newfoundland, as Annie Macdonald, a Sheet Harbour, N.S., community worker and insurance agent. Our apologies to both women.







# Sweet smells of CHRISTMAS



*Baking for the season always started early. There were fruitcakes in the fall, timed to mellow to full, luscious richness before the snow flew. Then, the closer the season, the sweeter the smells from the kitchen. Tarts filled with mincemeat. Fudgy squares.*

*Lemon and cranberry loaves. And, above all, cookies. They came in all kinds of shapes and sizes.*

*Tiny, butter-rich, mouth-watering. Large, with currants for eyes and cherries for mouths, glittering with sugar. On these pages, Atlantic Insight wishes you a happy season with a selection from our own favorite cookies. Enjoy. Recipes on page 46.*







**Fiona's  
Ginger Spice People**

½ cup butter or margarine  
½ cup brown sugar, packed  
2 tsp. ginger  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
¼ tsp. allspice  
¼ tsp. mixed spice  
⅛ tsp. ground cloves  
⅛ tsp. salt  
1 egg  
¾ cup molasses  
3 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. baking soda  
½ tsp. baking powder

Cream butter and sugar. Add spices, egg and molasses and mix well. Sift together last 3 ingredients and add to first mixture. Chill for a few hours in fridge, or freeze for 1 hour. Roll out and cut with cookie cutter of your choice. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 375° F. for 10 minutes.

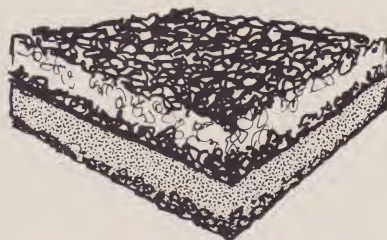


**Auntie Madel's  
Candycane Cookies**

½ cup butter  
½ cup margarine  
1 cup sifted icing sugar  
1 egg  
1 tsp. almond extract (optional)  
1 tsp. vanilla  
2½ cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. salt  
pink food coloring  
3-4 crushed candycanes  
½ cup granulated sugar

Cream butter and margarine with icing sugar. Add egg, almond, vanilla and salt. Stir in flour. Divide dough into 2 equal parts and color 1 half deep pink. Take 1 tsp. each color dough and roll into a 4-inch pencil-size strip. Place side by side on unfloured board, then roll lightly in palm of hand so the two colors twist around each other like a rope. Bend top into shape of candy-cane. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 375° F. for 9 minutes maximum. Check often to make sure they don't brown. Cool. Roll carefully in mixture of crushed candycanes and granulated sugar. Makes approx. 4 dozen.

## Food



**Delia's  
Raspberry Squares**

½ cup butter  
½ cup brown sugar  
1 cup all-purpose flour  
½ tsp. baking powder  
raspberry jam  
1 egg, well beaten  
¼ cup sugar  
1 tbsp. butter  
2 cups fine coconut

Mix first 4 ingredients. Pat into 8½ x 8½ pan and brown in 375° F. oven for 12 minutes. Spread with raspberry jam. Mix remaining ingredients and spread on top of jam. Bake 30 minutes at 350° F.



**Grannie Collins's  
Bachelor Buttons**

½ cup butter  
½ cup margarine  
1½ cups brown sugar  
2 eggs  
1 tbsp. milk  
1 tsp. vanilla  
2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
½ tsp. salt

Cream together butter, margarine and sugar. Add eggs, milk, vanilla and mix well. Sift together remaining 3 ingredients and stir in. Take tsp. of dough and form in small balls. Place on greased cookie sheets and bake at 375° F. for about 9 minutes. Put 2 together with rich vanilla icing. Makes approx. 4 dozen.

### Rich Vanilla Icing

1/3 cup butter  
1 egg yolk, well beaten  
1-1½ cups icing sugar  
½ tsp. vanilla

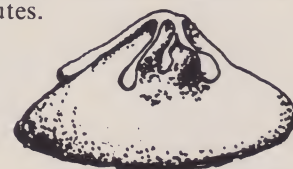
Cream butter thoroughly, add yolk and beat well. Add vanilla and blend in sugar until icing is right consistency to spread.



**Amy's  
Christmas Cookies**

1 cup soft butter  
¾ cup brown sugar  
½ tsp. vanilla  
⅛ tsp. salt  
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour  
1 cup almonds, sliced lengthwise  
½ cup each red and green candied cherries (whole)

Cream butter, add sugar and then add vanilla, flour and salt. Add nuts and cherries and form dough into balls. Leave in fridge overnight. Slice with a very sharp knife and bake on greased cookie sheet at 375° F. for 10 minutes.



**Trixie Thompson's  
Wine-glazed Nut-filled Cookies**

4 oz. shelled whole filberts  
1/3 cup butter  
6 oz. each red and green candied cherries (whole)  
½ cup soft butter  
1½ cups brown sugar, packed  
2 eggs  
1 tsp. vanilla  
2½ cups all-purpose flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. baking soda  
½ tsp. salt  
½ tsp. cinnamon  
¼ tsp. nutmeg  
1 cup sour cream

Place nuts in 325° F. oven for 10-15 minutes until lightly toasted. Cool. Rub off loose brown skin by rolling between hands. Sauté nuts in 1/3 cup of hot butter in frying pan, stirring over medium heat. Cool and stuff each cherry with a nut.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add eggs and vanilla and beat until light and creamy. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to first mixture alternately with sour cream, using just enough dry ingredients to make a creamy drop-batter. Fold in stuffed cherries. Drop cookies on buttered cookie sheets, making sure there is 1 cherry per cookie. Bake at 400° F. for 8-10 minutes or until golden brown. Place cookies on wire rack with waxed paper underneath and drizzle wine glaze over top. Makes approx. 8 dozen small cookies.

### Wine Glaze

Mix 1½ cups of sifted icing sugar with 2 tbsp. white wine and 2 tbsp. melted butter.



# Small Towns



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

## Minto, N.B.

*In the old days, Minto was the kind of hardrock mining town where even the police were afraid to be on hand for the Saturday night dances at the Casa Loma. When the coal company decided to close up shop in 1969, many thought Minto couldn't survive, but it did—and changed*

By Alden Nowlan

**M**into, N.B., is two different towns occupying the same point in space. One of them is the town that was; the other is the town that is. It is a house that used to belong to a coal miner who painted it red and black; and now the coal miner is dead and the house has been repainted small-town-white, but it is not a true small-town-white, not a Norman Rockwell white, because the red and black still show through. Thirty miles away in Fredericton, they keep forgetting that it has been years since the Minto miners went down into the pits with their lamps and drills. (The last shaft was closed in 1971.) "Minto is a rough town," they will tell you in Fredericton, speaking of the town that is, but obviously thinking of the town that was. This attitude angers some Minto residents; but most of them only smile complacently: They are proud of their rowdy past. Even Mark Paul-Elias, a Minto-born Fredericton

lawyer who is as gentle a man as you are ever likely to meet, sounds proud rather than apologetic when he talks about "the Saturday night dances at the old Casa Loma—the police were afraid to go there," which is another way of saying what he says next, "The wonderful thing about the people of Minto is the honesty in their feelings."

They still dig coal at Minto, as they have been doing since 1643, when the French shipped a load of it to Boston. But today they do strip mining, which consists in gouging out slit-trenches with something called a dragline, a piece of equipment that looks like a toy that the three-year-old children of a race of Brobdingnagian giants might play with, its parts being so huge that it projects a sense of almost infantile simplicity. The old-timers say that it is more like heavy construction work than like coal mining, as they knew it, depending as it does upon tractors, trucks and mechanical loaders instead of upon one man with a drill, a pick and a shovel.

The old-time down-pit miner played a lone hand. He got paid according to the amount of coal that he dug. Providing that he dug enough to ensure that his family had a roof over their heads (though the roof might be part of a company house) and food in their bellies (though the food might come from a company store), he could go to work when he chose and quit work when he chose. (In Minto, most men went down pit at 7 a.m. and came up at 1 p.m.) When the old-timers talk about what it was like, they almost invariably

**Main Street: Not like the glory days**

add that the best thing about it was that "you had your freedom."

In the afternoon, after you had washed off your pit dirt and eaten dinner, you could take down your rifle and go into the woods, which mercifully hide the disfigurations that have been inflicted on the landscape, and shoot a rabbit, a deer or even a moose. The game wardens were reasonable men, especially during the Depression.

Minto was a good place to be during the Depression. People had to buy coal no matter how hard times got. You might get only two days' work a week in the summer, but nobody in Minto had to go on relief. At least that is how they remember it now. In fact, they say that Minto was the only town in eastern Canada where there was nobody at all on relief in the Dirty Thirties.

"Nobody ever went hungry in Minto," Paul-Elias says. But unemployment is high, as it has been ever since King Oil dethroned King Coal in the early 1950s. "It is our only really serious problem," says Mayor Andrea Barnett. People from other parts of New Brunswick always express surprise when they learn that Minto has a woman mayor. It doesn't fit into their mental picture of a hairy-chested mining town. Actually, Andrea—"Let's get one thing straight right from the start, I'm not 'Your Worship' and I'm not 'Mayor Barnett,' I'm Andrea"—is the second woman mayor in Minto's brief (since 1967) history as an incorporated village. (Everyone refers to it



## Small Towns

as a town but, Andrea says, "Minto people would rather live in a very large village than in a very small town." The population is 3,714.)

**M**into is like a lemon pie; it has no upper crust," the last Minto resident to sit in the New Brunswick legislature, Douglas Flower (1967-70), used to say. That can't have been entirely true. Asked if the operators, as the local mining company managers were known, had run the town, an old-timer answered dryly, "No, but they ran the people." Another old-timer, when asked if the operators were unreasonable men, was being equally dry when he replied, "They didn't have to be, boy, they didn't have to be." But the operators went in 1969—one of those dates that stand out like towering monuments in the mental landscape of a human being, a community or a nation. To a Minto resident, 1969 is as significant as the year he got married or the year the war began.

It is the year when the old Minto died.

That was before the energy crisis came along to give King Coal artificial resuscitation. Fearing that the industry was in imminent danger of total collapse, the federal and provincial governments founded the \$19-million Grand Lake Development Corporation to phase out coal and bring in other industries. A subsidiary Crown corporation, the N.B. Coal Co. Ltd., was set up to preside over the liquidation of the industry that had been responsible for the founding of the town 65 years earlier. It bought out the independent mining companies and paid the down-pit miners severance bonuses of up to \$2,500—provided they would sign a pledge never to work in a coal mine again.

For the miners it was a bitter pill to swallow. This was especially true of the men who had recently retired, some of them on pensions of \$6.70 a month—yes, that is six dollars and seventy cents a month—and were therefore ineligible for the severance bonus. The operators were also accused of hiring their friends just in time for them to collect the \$2,500. "And they drank it up in a week and then went on welfare," one of the retired men asserted, improbably.

Thanks to the oil sheiks, the N.B. Coal Co. is still in business 11 years later with up to 300 men involved in its dragline operations. (It is said that when shaft mining was at its peak it employed 700 men.) Most of the coal goes to another government agency, the N.B. Electric Power Commission,

as fuel for its thermal generators. The rest is sold to pulp mills. Even in the glory days, Minto coal seldom found its way into home furnaces except in Minto itself. Today even the men who work for the N.B. Coal Co. heat their homes with oil, although there may be somebody who occasionally tosses a hunk of coal into the kitchen stove for old time's sake. As a result, first-time visitors are often disappointed to discover that Minto doesn't smell like a mining town.

The Grand Lake Development Corporation tried to bring in new industries by establishing an industrial park. So far, its best-known tenant was a plant that produced parts for the ill-fated and short-lived Bricklin car. But Mayor Barnett—Andrea—says she is not discouraged. "They tell us that the coal will be gone in 20 years," she says. "Minto will be here a lot longer than that." Some residents foresee the town becoming, in effect, a suburb of Fredericton. "It's a lot closer than it seems," says a store manager, almost wistfully. "Thirty years ago, it took all day to go from Minto to Fredericton and back. You went into Fredericton on the morning train and came back to Minto on the train at night. Today it's a half-hour drive. People seem to forget that."

There is unemployment in Minto. And there is welfare. To hear the average machine operator or sales clerk tell it, most of the town's welfare recipients are freeloaders and dead-beats who divide their time between swilling rum in their brand-new cars or dining on filet mignon in front of their brand-new television sets. Welfare recipients are even more unpopular in Minto than in most other places.

For one thing, a lot of the people with jobs are just scraping by; there isn't enough difference between their wages and welfare for them to regard the latter as a mere pittance, especially since in these inflationary times it may not have been very long since they were working for less than their neighbor is now getting from the Department of Social Services. One of the women who worked in the Bricklin plant used her wages to install plumbing in her house, which had previously depended upon a well and an outdoor toilet. She is unlikely to find much sympathy in her heart for the woman down the road who owns a bathtub and lives on welfare.

Then, too, a lot of them had fathers who went into the mines when they were 12 years old (some were as young as nine), had to go on strike to get 75 cents a day in the Depression, and kept

on working until they were 65 and eligible for the old age pension. And part of what comes out of their mouths as fear and contempt began in their guts as fear. Fear that they too might one day have to ask for welfare. To their breed of man, that would be a kind of castration.

In a province that is in part as French as it was in 1755 when its Acadian forbears were expelled from Nova Scotia and in part as British as in 1783 when its Loyalist forbears were expelled from the newly independent United States, Minto is an anomaly—a town where a merchant with an eye for business will learn at least a smattering of Italian, Polish and Hungarian.

There was a time, between the wars, when there were 50 Hungarian families in Minto. At Christmas, there would be Hungarian carol singers in the streets, carrying with them a cardboard tinsel Nativity scene, as they might have done in the old country. "Was it bad in Hungary when they came over?" Paul-Elias once asked his Uncle Anthony, who kept a general store. "It was always bad in Hungary," his uncle answered.

Among the Hungarians there was one man who might stand as a living symbol of all the poor, brave, life-loving drudges who came from places as far away and as far apart as Afghanistan and Lebanon to scratch out a living directly or indirectly from the mines. We will call him Csaba Klausal, so as not to forget that he was a man and something more than just Hunky Joe, the work-beast. This Csaba Klausal left Hungary two days after his daughter was born, sailed to Canada, came to Minto, and worked in the mines for 59 years.

For 59 years—something like 18,500 days—Klausal went down into the pit, sometimes as early as 5 a.m., and dug coal, sometimes as late as 8 p.m. Apart from the nickels and dimes he spent on bread and potatoes, he sent every cent that he made back to Hungary. Then, in his old age, when there was no more work for him to do, Klausal decided to go home. Back to the daughter whom he had not seen since she was two days old and who now was an old woman of almost 60. The interpreter for the Department of Immigration found that in his long loneliness, Klausal had forgotten how to speak Hungarian without ever learning how to speak English.

There ought to be a statue of Csaba Klausal in Minto.

"They worked hard and they drank hard," said Paul-Elias's Uncle Anthony



of the other Hungarians of his generation, and of the Italians and Poles. They were working hard and drinking hard when Mark was a teen-ager in the 1960s. "The first thing they bought when they got paid was a case of wine," the younger man recalls, "and they drank a bottle of it every day." They still work hard and drink hard in Minto; that much hasn't changed.

But it's not like the glory days, when they warmed their wine on the kitchen stove and spiked it with cayenne pepper; and when every



Fredericton's closer, since days of trains



Andrea: The mayor who does hair

grocery store in town stocked a tonic called Beef, Iron and Wine and a flavoring extract called Jamaica Ginger, both of them primed with enough alcohol to bring on weightlessness and start the celestial choirs singing. "They were young," Anthony Paul-Elias said. "Just boys between 15 and 25. They spent half their lives underground. They had to live."

Today, the streets of Minto bear home-town names like Elm and Willow. But you get the feeling that they are just for show. The place names that turn up again and again in

conversation evoke the ghosts of mining companies that have been dissolved and mines that have been shut down: Black Diamond, Slope Road, Up The CPR.

Unlike other New Brunswick towns that were born of rivers or the sea, Minto is a child of the railroad. In the 19th century, farmers in the area had strip mined coal with horse-drawn scrapers and carried it to Fredericton by wagon, sometimes in caravans containing 30 teams of horses. But the town really began with the arrival of the railroad in 1904 and it is called Minto because the N.B. Coal and Railway Company chose to paint the name of the then Governor-General of Canada, Lord Minto, on its first station. The mayor hopes to turn the existing station, no longer in use, into

are almost as proud of their hospital as they are of their volunteer fire department. Some of them harbor a suspicion that it might be better if they had a purely local police force as well, instead of being policed by a detachment of the RCMP. The Mounties aren't always as "reasonable" as those Depression game wardens were.

"Most people hate it when they move here," says Andrea Barnett. "But they all come back." Connie and Michael Dickinson would agree. They moved to Minto six years ago from Fredericton, when Mike joined the staff of the high school. "I wasn't wildly happy about coming to Minto, and that's putting it mildly," Connie recalls. "Now I love it." Mike makes an observation common among people who know both places at first-hand:



Today it's strip mining, with equipment that looks like toys


a public library and miners' museum.

Occasionally, even today, somebody will mention The Strike. In 1938, the United Mine Workers struck for recognition and 75 cents a day. The operators brought in scabs and the police had to be sent in to protect them. One old-timer remembers counting 32 members of the RCMP as he walked a picket line. Then he names two other old men, his neighbors and still alive. "They were scabs then," he growls, "and they're still not worth a pinch of shit."

"Millions of dollars have been taken out of Minto by people who put nothing back," the mayor says. It has been estimated that the mines have generated more than \$176 million in new wealth, and that figure denotes pre-inflation currency. Apart from encouraging sports—Minto has fielded baseball teams that played against Saint John, which is something like 30 times its size—the mining companies' only notable contribution to the community was financial support for the hospital. Because of the hospital, three MDs live in Minto, who otherwise probably wouldn't be there. The townspeople

"Minto is more metropolitan than Fredericton." Metropolitan in the sense of possessing a varied and vigorous street life. "It's a good place to raise kids," he adds—a sentiment that is echoed by Mark Paul-Elias, who once was a kid in Minto.

"Everything is organized in Fredericton," Paul-Elias says. "The parents go everywhere with the kids. In Minto, kids are left to their own devices. And they're exposed very early to people and to ways of life completely outside their own element. It's a great town. There will always be a lot of Minto in me."

Then he remembers that being a kid in the Minto that is couldn't be the same as being a kid in the Minto that was, when, as he says, "those fellows came up out of the pit feeling that they could move mountains." His face expresses the kind of homesickness that evolves from the time rather than from a place. Oh, sure, Minto is still a fine spot in which to grow up; he wouldn't deny that, but there is the lost sadness of exile in his voice when he adds, "When the mining stopped, Minto changed." 



## Charles MacDonald, painter, is finally discovered

*Although critics argue over just how good Charles MacDonald's paintings really were, there's no disputing the fact that he was one of Nova Scotia's original characters: A socialist businessman, a designer of exotic buildings, a world traveller, and now, 13 years after his death, he's been discovered as a painter too*

By Roma Senn

**F**ive fairy-tale cottages nestled on Nova Scotia's wind-whipped Fundy shore have attracted visitors since Charles MacDonald built them in the Thirties. So have his life-size statuary outside the imposing concrete home he built. What's surprising, however, is how few knew that MacDonald, a well-known Annapolis Valley resident who died 13 years ago, painted too. "There didn't seem to be much interest in art," says MacDonald's widow, Mabel, who lovingly preserved his works in the Centreville home where she still lives. When Valley artist Graham Metson saw the collection five years ago, he was stunned and, with a few others, helped convince the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia in Halifax to mount an exhibit on "one of the best artists Nova Scotia has ever produced."

Exhibit organizer Patrick Condon Laurette says MacDonald's painting skills have been exaggerated although he does consider the land and seascape artist "a gifted amateur." For the exhibit—in Halifax until December 8—he borrowed watercolors, oil paintings, table-size sculptures, a logbook from his years at sea, diaries and photos, mostly from Mrs. MacDonald, the N.S. Museum and the N.S. Archives. Aside from a catalogue, costs were minimal for the exhibit which will tour provincial galleries, on request, for a year. "Called for in a community sense," Laurette says, the show is more a look at a "significant person" than an art exhibit.

Laurette has pieced together a sketch of a likable, talented man impatient for a fairer world order. With what Laurette calls "the revolutionary imagination of a Renaissance person," MacDonald put his socialist philosophy into action by running his Kentville concrete business co-operatively. He even published strident advertisements in the local newspaper on the evils of capitalism. When "The Concrete Man" retired, he handed the business over to



A true naturalist, MacDonald loved sea life studies

his employees.

He spread his skills around. He improvised his cottage designs—one is teapot shaped—and built a Mediterranean-style house replete with a double-size concrete bath tub. "He was a man who had his own ideas—a Jack London character," says Norman Creighton of Hantsport. Often described as an eccentric, MacDonald was nevertheless a likable eccentric and stories of his generosity abound.

Born in 1874 in Steam Mill Village, N.S., MacDonald filled sketch books as a youngster with scenes from the family farm. Finely detailed sketches of trees and rock formations show that even in his youth, the self-taught artist, Laurette says, "worked like a professional." Painting suited him more than school which he left before he was 16. After apprenticing with a coffin maker, he worked in a carriage factory and then decided to travel.

In 1898 he signed aboard a south-bound clipper ship as a carpenter. "I could work when I felt like it and was my own boss," he wrote happily. "If we saw any whales or ships I could get out my pencil and paper and draw them."

A true naturalist, he filled his sketchbooks with sea life studies of flying fish, dolphins and sea turtles. He recorded the sea's moods in ink; captured them in paint. Waves almost leap out from his seascapes. On his fourth day at sea he spotted another ship during a storm. "What a picture of desolation she made....Staggering about like a drunken thing." He viewed his own skills modestly: "I am a little of an artist and managed to get a sketch of her, although I was on watch."

Although he made lovely street scenes from exotic places he visited, he seemed to prefer the sea to the land. In Santos, Brazil, he wandered to the hills which exposed "a fine view of the open sea lying calm and peaceful in the early morning light...shadowy wings of a little fishing boat or a stately ship faintly relieved by the blue where the sea and sky seem to meet..."

Pictures unfolded before his eyes in England, France, Spain, Turkey, the Soviet Union, India. In Odessa, a ship pulling into harbor is set against a golden sky; in India, a turbaned raftsman is shadowed by a ship; on the Suez Canal ("Quite a ditch," he said),

PHOTOS BY CHERYL LEAN



white-clad men lead camels to water. Animal and farm scenes dominated his landscapes.

Whether MacDonald studied art in Europe is disputed, but undoubtedly he visited galleries which influenced his style. Laurette sees similarities with English landscape artists and the French impressionists. Metson says his landscapes bear striking resemblance to those of Pissarro. Works like his animal statuary, perhaps the cottage designs, have a folk-art look although his "studied aspect" lifts it from that style.

Laurette rates MacDonald's small-scale works, like his delicate table-size

cal philosophy began to jell during his seven years abroad. Appalled by the poverty he saw and, as a person who "believed in and liked people," the socialism of the impressionists attracted him. Yet his paintings convey more a sense of utopianism than of social realism. He expressed his social concerns in ways other than art. As a "man with a mission," Laurette speculates that MacDonald finally returned to the Annapolis Valley believing his "sense of Utopia could best be lived out there." Because of MacDonald's influence, friends in the movement like Roscoe Fillmore, Frank Perry and Jim Sim—people he likely met in

painter and a road builder, climbed mountains and absorbed socialist thought.

In 1912 he returned home and four years later, at the age of 42, married Mabel Misner. Graham Metson suspects artistic reasons lured him back. "Painters are drawn to the Annapolis Valley," he says, "because of its incredible quality of light." MacDonald had a knack for "getting the light right," Metson says. It's a quality of all MacDonald's paintings, sensitized perhaps during his years at sea. Certainly weather conditions fascinated him and in his 1940s diary he logged everything from cloud formations to wind velocity



Tiger sculpture outside Centreville house



MacDonald family home, done in oils



Watercolor seascape. He worked "like a professional"

tiger sculpture, his most successful. (A life-size version guards the Centreville property.) Seeing a real one in Southeast Asia affected him and, years later, he recalled the experience: "One day at sunset, I was looking over at the forest when a full-grown tiger came to drink. He was a beautiful sight in the sunset with his black and yellow stripes."

It's likely that MacDonald's politi-


cal philosophy began to jell during his seven years abroad. Appalled by the poverty he saw and, as a person who "believed in and liked people," the socialism of the impressionists attracted him. Yet his paintings convey more a sense of utopianism than of social realism. He expressed his social concerns in ways other than art. As a "man with a mission," Laurette speculates that MacDonald finally returned to the Annapolis Valley believing his "sense of Utopia could best be lived out there." Because of MacDonald's influence, friends in the movement like Roscoe Fillmore, Frank Perry and Jim Sim—people he likely met in

British Columbia—settled in the Valley and together formed the core of an active socialist group. Before finally settling back in Nova Scotia, however, MacDonald set out on foot to see "the fair land of Canada" from Halifax to Puget Sound, from Baffin Bay to Bear River and from Black Rock to Canada Ditch. During his years in B.C. he worked as a sign

each day.

In later years he and Mabel travelled widely through the region, always on the back roads. "For the real beauties of nature," he said, "you have to get where nature is left alone." His oil paintings document scenes now changed almost beyond recognition. To Joyce Neville, of Wolfville, his great art contribution lies in "the wonderful record he made of Nova Scotia's fishing villages at their height."

How many paintings he produced isn't known. Mrs. MacDonald has about 100, but since her husband gave many away, more are likely hung in homes across Canada. Metson would rather have his two MacDonald paintings—"a constant source of pleasure"—at home; but lent them to the gallery so others could see the work of a "neat artist and a neat person. People are going to be very excited by his works," he says. "They'll certainly increase in value," he adds. Laurette isn't so sure. Both the small size and scarcity of the work rules that out, he says.

But whatever happens, people will see the works of a talented artist and an unusual man. Mabel MacDonald is happy Charlie is finally getting the recognition he deserves, she says. "I think he'd be happy, too." 



## Photoessay

### Faces of Margaree


**S**tudy them for a moment: Faces of the old, the young, the grizzled, the baby-smooth. Faces of those at work, and those at play, of those who run machines, look after kitchens and shops, split hogs from stem to gudgeon, or at last have time just to spin out a tune on the fiddle. Though you may never have met these folks, their faces will strike you as strangely familiar. They all live in one small valley, it's true, but their faces, taken together, are really the face of all the Maritimes and Newfoundland. That's because, like most rural people in east coast Canada, they are descendants of French, Irish, Scottish and British settlers.

For them, "down home" happens to mean the lower reaches of the Margaree River. The river tumbles out of the hills of Cape Breton and then slides gently out to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Spring, summer and fall, sunlight here is somehow superior to sunlight elsewhere. More lucid, more radiant. The light, the clean river, the cosiness of the sheep-dotted slopes, and the distant might of dark sea and dark

forest all conspire to give the Margaree Valley a beauty so extravagant that, on a good day, tourists are inclined to think its residents may just be the luckiest people on earth. And if you look at those faces again, you'll see that even the most serious appear as though, any second now, some happy secret will make them burst out laughing.

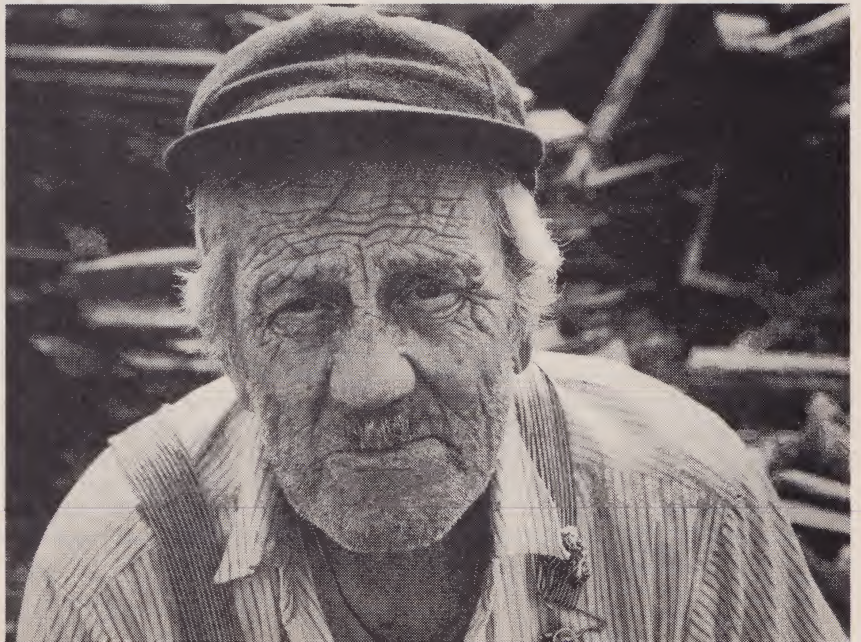
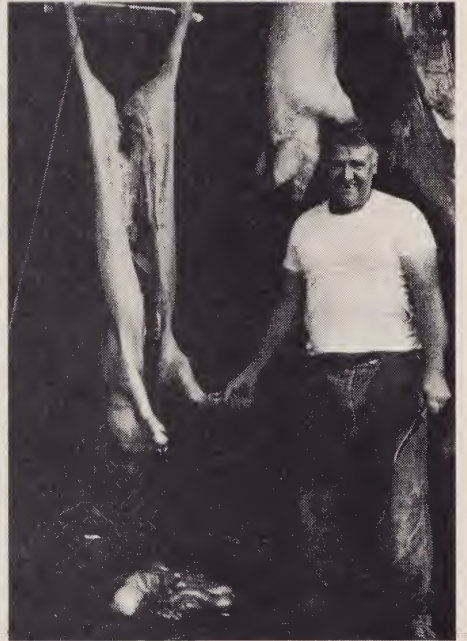
George C. Thomas, who moved from Boston to Margaree in 1971, took these photos because he wanted to do what photography does best: Save something, if only on paper, from what American photography essayist Susan Sontag called "time's relentless melt."

"I realized that the last vestiges of a passing lifestyle were vanishing," Thomas said. "That earlier way of life appealed very much to me. It spoke of a less complex world, a conservator society...hard work, intimacy with the earth and nature, an attitude of pride, independence and self-sufficiency."

He therefore took photographs of his neighbors all through the Seventies, and the result is a book of 48 prints called *Margaree* (Harbour Lights Press, Margaree Harbour, \$15.00). The book is Thomas's "visual tribute in praise of a once-prevalent way of life." It's also as loving a Christmas gift as any down-home community could wish for. Merry Christmas, Margaree. 











PHOTOS BY ROSEMARY EATON

## Salt marshes: Smelly nuisance or vital resource?

*Environmentalists say these fertile areas are worth saving. But pollution and development creep nearer and threaten what's left of them*

By Roma Senn

**T**he first time Rosemary Eaton saw the salt marsh near her Cole Harbour, N.S., home, she was disappointed. The murky water hardly moved, sometimes it smelled and the marsh often swarmed with mosquitoes. But if it was frequently an eyesore, the salt marsh at times looked lovely and serene, its shore rimmed with bright goldenrod and sea lavender, its water crammed with fish and shellfish and its tall grasses a resting place for migrating birds and ducks. Countless species depend on hundreds of such lifelines that dot the Atlantic region's coasts. So do we, though we hurt and even destroy them. Eaton, now a passionate salt marsh supporter, hopes an exhibit on Maritime salt marshes will convince people that the marshes aren't just a smelly nuisance, but a resource worth saving.

Salt marshes may not excite people, but the exhibit might. Attractive and easy to understand, *The Saltmarsh* will tour Canada for two years. (It's now in Bridgewater, N.S.) The Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax and the Cole Harbour Rural Heritage Society produced it and National Museums of Canada helped with a \$27,000 grant. The idea for the show rose out of the Cole Harbour residents' battle to save their own marsh, but the exhibit covers

marshes in other areas too. Museum officials say they aren't pushing salt marsh preservation but the exhibit's message is clear: "We can't afford to lose them," says Dr. Derek Davis of the N.S. Museum.

Davis, a marine zoologist, worries that the exhibit "doesn't tell the whole story." Its watercolors, glossy photographs and artifacts aren't a substitute for seeing a real salt marsh. "A lot of people probably don't care if there are birds in salt marshes," says exhibit researcher Elizabeth Corser, "but they might see some reason why they'd like to see salt marshes saved." Organizers tried to give the show as broad an appeal as possible, emphasizing the importance of the marshes to Sunday clam diggers, fishermen, hunters, bird watchers and boating enthusiasts.

Salt marshes form in quiet inlets near estuaries—partly enclosed coastal waters where fresh and salt water mix. (Newfoundland has few salt marshes because of its rocky, exposed coastline.) They vary according to the tides: On the Bay of Fundy there are rich, red mudflats; in P.E.I. gentle tides and warm summers provide habitat for small animals found nowhere else in Canada. The tides enrich the marsh and carry its nutrients offshore.

Only 35% of the Atlantic region's original salt marsh land is left. Early

Sometimes an eyesore, sometimes serene



**Spartina, salt marsh superplant**

settlers, looking for pastureland, built dykes on it. Acadians used the soil-rich marshes for farming. Eel grass from the marshes stuffed mattresses, insulated houses. New York's Radio City Music Hall used the grass as a sound reducer. Dr. M.J. Harvey, a Dalhousie University botanist, says that, until recently, the watchword was "The only good marsh is a dyked marsh." Today, industrial development and pollution pose the main threats to the marshes. Often seen as wastelands, marshes are used as dumps for sewage disposal, industrial wastes.

Because salt marshes are both very fragile and very productive, they get high priority for cleanup treatment, says Jim Swiss, regional emergency co-ordinator for the federal Environmental Protection Service. Quick action helps cut down on the damaging effects of major pollutants like oil spills. But smaller threats often escape attention: A shore road is widened, homeowners fill marshland with gravel, dump sewage in it or spray it to get rid of mosquitoes. "People think the little





Clam-digging at Cole Harbour



A vital link in the chain of life



A resting, nesting and feeding spot for birds

things don't count," Derek Davis says. But they do, and until we solve the problem we'll keep losing ground—and marshes.

The static quality of marshes is

deceptive. Their thick mud actually teems with activity that Rosemary Eaton calls "a friendly climate for life." When the mud-binding cord grass decomposes it becomes food for a

variety of creatures. It's a breeding ground for fish and waterfowl, a feeding place for offshore fish, a home for shellfish like clams and mussels. Human tampering unbalances salt marshes and severs a link in the food chain.

There's disagreement about how important salt marshes are to the offshore fishery. Roy Drinnan of the federal Fisheries Department says the role of the marshes is exaggerated. "Except for limited inshore fishing—it is basic to clams, mussels and in some cases oysters—it's not basic to the Canadian fisheries," he says. He thinks any food benefits from the salt marshes "are pretty diluted offshore." But, he adds, "I may be a heretic." There's no argument about the marshes' productivity: They're among the most naturally fertile areas in the world.

That's no guarantee of protection, especially for marshes near where people live. Though people may not threaten the marshes directly, they add strain and it's hard to know the point at which strain turns into permanent damage. Some shellfish have already been pushed too hard, smothered and deformed, by runoff from nearby construction sites. Sewage has made clams from nearly every south shore inlet in Nova Scotia unfit to eat.

Cole Harbour residents lobbied successfully against massive sewage disposal from nearby subdivisions into their shallow, land-locked marsh. But now the area, on the outskirts of Dartmouth, one of the fastest growing places in the region, faces threats from housing that creeps closer to the marsh. Flocks of Canada geese winter in the marsh and environmentalists say they need a permanent marsh chain as habitat. But how will the future of the environmentally sensitive marsh stack up against developers who accuse environmentalists of putting birds before people?

Can they coexist? Some environmentalists think so, if there's careful planning. Having it both ways, Dalhousie's Harvey says, "does mean developers can't develop all the land they want." But people need to know what's going on. "If they don't know the options they can be snowed by government and industry," says Jim Swiss.

Trying to peg the dollar value of salt marshes is difficult. That may explain why they're not better protected. But it seems certain that they are important to the economy. Plant and animal life depend on them—perhaps in more ways than we know. And, with so little marshland left in the region, the N.S. Museum's Davis says, "let's hold on to what we've got." ☒



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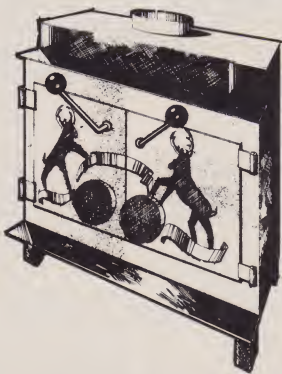
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## Profile

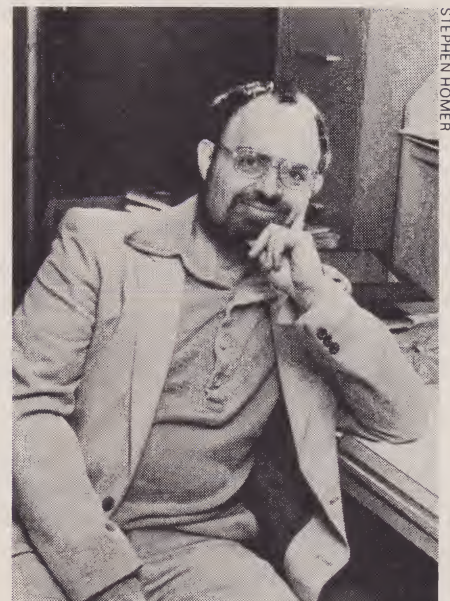
# What's a UFO expert doing in Fredericton?

*Writing. And hoping to hear from you if you've seen any unidentified flying objects lately*

Several years ago, New Jersey-born Stanton Friedman, an authority on flying saucers, sighted an unidentified flying object that his scientifically trained mind immediately classified as a heavenly body of incredible charm. Anxious for a permanent close encounter, Stanton married the Air Canada stewardess Marilyn Kimball and they settled in San Francisco. But Stanton soon discovered that Marilyn was not an ordinary alien living among Americans; she was a Maritimer, and that a mysterious, Maritime force was with her. This year, she and Stanton moved to their new home in Fredericton.

"The original impetus [for the move] was getting a call from the University of New Brunswick in January," says Friedman, 46, a nuclear physicist who 10 years ago decided to devote himself full-time to UFO lecturing and study, and now charges \$1,000 per lecture. "I scurried around to find other talks, then UNB Fredericton backed out. But I spoke in March to UNB in Saint John, to St. F.X. [in Antigonish, N.S.] and Mount Saint Vincent in Halifax. There was enormous interest. I wound up doing more lectures in Canada this year than in the States." After Stanton made a side trip to Fredericton where Marilyn's family live, the Friedmans decided to move. Stanton had already decided to "do more writing and cut back on the speaking, the travel. I've done 500 colleges in 48 states and six provinces."

Friedman got his master's degree in nuclear physics from the University of Chicago in 1956, then worked in research projects on nuclear airplanes, nuclear power plants in space, fusion rockets and Pioneer 10 and 11 space rockets. In 1958, he read *Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* by Edward Ruppelt, former head of Project Blue Book, the U.S. Air Force UFO agency. "That tantalized my interest." He devoured other books and gave his first talk in 1967 to a book review club. In 1970, he became, in his words, "the only space scientist known to be



STEPHEN HOMER

**Friedman spends all his time on UFOs**  
devoting full-time to UFOs."

The modern UFO era began in 1947 when a Boise, Idaho, pilot reported seeing discs flying in formation like "saucers skipping over water." Although most of the reports since then have been attributed to natural causes or hoaxes, a large number of cases remain unexplained. On one side are believers like Friedman; on the other, debunkers like Philip Klass, an editor with an aviation magazine. The two have debated many controversial cases including Socorro, Coyne and Delphos.

Socorro: On April 24, 1965, at supper hour, a Socorro, N.M., police officer named Zamora saw a light on a hill. He approached and saw a "shiny-type object" with "two people" alongside. He thought it was an auto accident but, as he neared, the object rose straight up with a roar and a flame. Klass dismisses the incident, explaining that the object "landed" on land owned by Mayor Bursum, Zamora's boss and a banker, who was actively promoting tourism, while Friedman argues that, in a town like Socorro (pop. 7,000), everyone knows everyone else and Bursum and Zamora would have no reason to jeopardize their reputations with a hoax. Tourism, he pointed out, has not increased and the site is practi-



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## Profile

cally inaccessible today without a four-wheel-drive vehicle.

Coyne: On Oct. 17, 1973, a four-man Army Reserve helicopter crew under Capt. Lawrence Coyne put their 'copter in a dive near Mansfield, Ohio, to avoid colliding with a reddish object coming at them. The object stopped directly over them and sucked them up a few thousand feet while knocking their radio dead for several minutes. Klass contends Coyne's crew saw a meteor and someone unconsciously hit the upward controls; the radio simply malfunctioned coincidentally. Friedman describes Klass's explanation as more incredible than the event itself.

Delphos: Ronald Johnson, 16, of Delphos, Kan., was tending sheep just after dark on Nov. 2, 1971, when an object landed in some nearby elms. After several minutes, it took off leaving a white circle on the ground. Klass argues that the Johnson family was having financial problems and says the white circle was probably an old animal feeder. Friedman says that even though the Johnsons later won \$5,000 in a *National Enquirer* UFO story contest, the family was hounded by the media and trespassers to the point where it hampered their farm operation; he adds that there was never a feeder on the site of the circle.

Friedman says serious ufologists have to separate sense from nonsense. *The Bermuda Triangle*, a book about a specific place where objects vanish, possibly abducted by UFOs, is nonsense, he says; so is *Chariots of the Gods*, which claims spacemen built earth's ancient wonders. People who say they regularly communicate with otherworldly beings also deserve no credence, he adds. But Friedman says he rejects the notion that other planets are too distant to make a visit to earth possible: "In the local [galactic] neighborhood, within 53 light-years of earth, there are about 1,000 stars, of which 46 are sun-like."

Friedman believes UFOs are material, but other ufologists say they are some sort of imagery, possibly like the Virgin Mary who appeared on the roof or in the yard of a church in Zeitoun, Egypt, at least three times a week from 1968 to 1971, witnessed each time by 10,000 people. A Utah Indian, however, agrees with Friedman; he says he fired a rifle at a saucer and the bullet ricocheted.

Friedman says there have been sightings in the Maritimes, but he's not aware of any investigations reported in the UFO literature. He'd like to hear from anyone who's seen one.

— Jon Everett

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## Health

# He helps the mentally ill with music, music, music

*At Cape Breton Hospital, Kevin McCormack uses song to free minds*

**K**evin McCormack, 28, a New Jersey Irishman, treats 100 patients at the Cape Breton Hospital in Sydney with marimbas, tambourines, ukuleles, bongo drums, autoharps and guitars. He's the only registered music therapist at work in a mental health centre in Atlantic Canada, and his patients range from depressed housewives, to the psychotic, to the profoundly retarded.

Music therapy dates back to the Second World War when mental health workers discovered that, although some shell-shocked veterans would not respond to psychotherapy, they would nevertheless *sing*. It may even be a lot older than that; physicians among the ancient Egyptians played music on certain scales to encourage healing. Today, music therapy has become fairly widespread in both the States and Europe, particularly among deaf patients in Scandinavia.

Psychotherapy requires conversation but some patients can't bring themselves to talk. Dr. John Campbell, McCormack's boss and director of psychological services, says, "Sometimes men-

tal illness is a slow process—of anxiety, of withdrawal. Along the way, a patient may have *lost* the skills to communicate." Other patients may be able to talk, but decide they won't; they find one-to-one therapy too threatening.

Enter music therapy. An activity therapy like art, dance and drama, music therapy is done in a group. The focus is on the activity rather than the patient, and the atmosphere is relaxed. Activity therapies don't replace psychotherapy, they supplement it, or make it possible. At Cape Breton Hospital, music therapy is voluntary, and it's the only activity some patients choose to attend. "Participation," Campbell says, "is a significant problem with chronic custodial patients."

In a typical session, McCormack starts by singing to the group. Then he encourages them to sing a few favorites together. He moves around, perhaps placing the autoharp on various patients' laps and, while they strum and sing, he moves the 15 keys. He recently began to organize a hand-bell choir that may perform in public. He wants to show the public the positive side of his patients. In the day clinic, they're mostly women: Young women enduring divorces or the death of someone close, older women whose families have grown up, gone away, leaving them in what he calls "an existential vacuum." They compose songs together, and express through metaphor and music the things they can't say in any other way. McCormack sets their songs to music, sometimes



Music therapy: Singing and playing for mental health

gives them a tape to show them what they've accomplished. "We try to draw out their strengths," he says, "then to work on their weaknesses from a position of strength."

The people in Braemore Home, next door to the hospital, are a different challenge. Many are former long-term residents of the hospital and, for them, the very fact of institutional life has created problems. Hospital routine and understaffing meant others decided everything for them; it was faster to do things for them than to show them how to do things for themselves. Here, McCormack says, "my goal may be to help them remember to wash, shave or comb their hair." Songs like "When I Get Up in the Morning" help the

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## Health

patients develop hygiene habits. And learning song lyrics means exercising mental faculties, all part of a larger exercise in developing potential.

Then there's the psychiatric unit. Consider Sue. If you saw her in the street, you'd never know there was anything awry with her. But she gets frustrated easily and when she does, she expresses her anger in ways that go beyond what is generally socially acceptable: She bites, screams, hurls excrement. Now, McCormack's teaching her to play the guitar. Learning guitar is a frustrating experience at best, but Sue is also learning how to cope with this frustration in a way others can accept.

In the mentally retarded ward the goals of music therapy are subtle but important. Establishing eye-contact, for example, creates a base for communication. Skills like the manual dexterity needed to strum an instrument, McCormack says, "generalize to other activities."

We have much to learn—and unlearn—about the dimensions of humanity. A man with a physique and mannerisms that Hollywood movies have conditioned us to regard as innately violent, even less than human, sat beside me and held my hand. His clasp was as gentle as a summer zephyr. There was no mistaking the pleasure he derived from the strange being who called himself Kevin and the curious sound that came from an equally strange instrument. "If we don't make the effort to reach them," McCormack says, "if we lose sight of their humanity, we may lose sight of our own."

McCormack studied for his MA in music therapy at Dallas's Southern Methodist University. He was once a trombonist at Heinz Hall in Pittsburgh where he performed with Liberace and Tony Bennett. He came to Cape Breton in '79 to marry Peggy LaVatte—Atlantic Canada's only other registered music therapist who works with deaf children and special education classes in Sydney—and, early this year, he became the Pied Piper of the therapeutic team at the Cape Breton Hospital.

The aim is not necessarily to "cure," but to help people cope with what they are while they are becoming what they could be. Just how singing a song, throwing a clay pot, or learning to dance helps patients to do this remains something of a mystery but it does seem to work for some patients. Perhaps it's simply because, in a sympathetic environment, patients get the kind of support and care that they don't get from the rest of us.

— Margo Lamont



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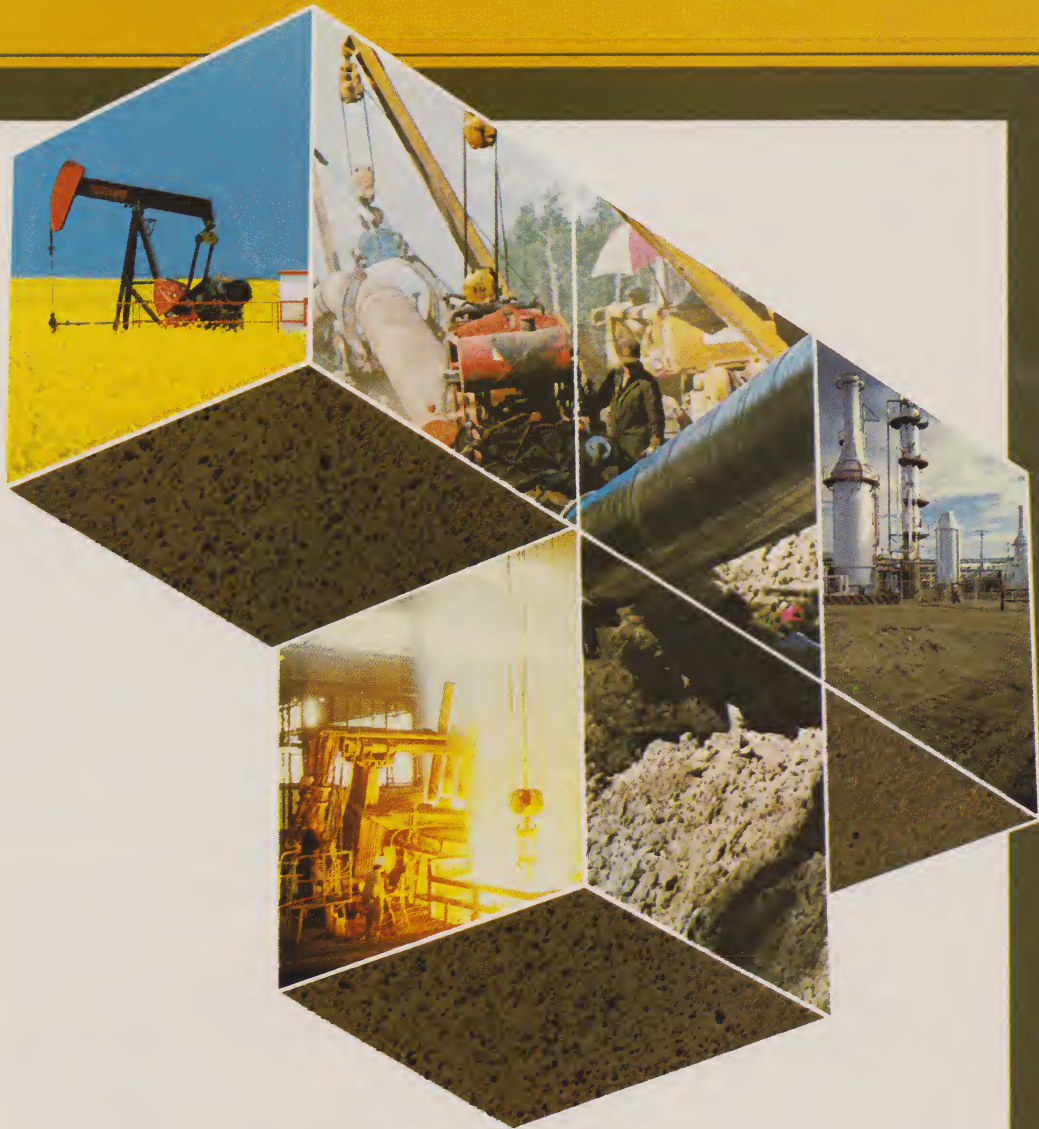
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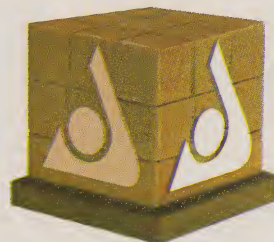
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# The Kirby Connection

*Michael Kirby is more than one of the brightest and best connected of Prime Minister Trudeau's political advisers. He's also the crucial link between Dalhousie University, the Institute for Research on Public Policy, the Liberal party of Canada and the Prime Minister's Office in a young Old Boys' network of power and influence*

By Harry Flemming

If you watched television on Saturday, Sept. 13, the final day of the First Ministers Conference, you saw, apparently perched on Prime Minister Trudeau's right shoulder, the youthful but uncharacteristically grim face of Dr. Michael J.L. Kirby. It was fitting that, at the climactic moment of the constitutional conference, Kirby—and not one of the score or more Trudeau ministers who had shuttled in and out of the same chair earlier in the week—held the seat of TV honor. Fitting, but unusual.

Kirby is secretary to the cabinet for federal-provincial relations and in these days of constitutional preoccupation, that means he ranks in the political pecking order just behind Michael Pitfield, clerk of the Privy Council and secretary to cabinet, and James Coutts, principal secretary to the prime minister. One measure of his current status is the fact that he was publicly identified as the chief author of a controversial leaked federal strategy paper on how to push constitutional reform past recalcitrant provincial premiers. But, like his brief television appearance, that was also unusual. Like Pitfield and Coutts, Kirby is quintessentially a backroom boy, a member of a small gifted group that walks the high wire of influence but, unlike the elected politicians, never lacks a safety net.

Kirby is an extraordinarily adroit practitioner of the art. He is at the centre of power in the federal establishment, equally at home in the upper reaches of the Liberal party and the government bureaucracy (assuming there is any distinction between them). Even if the Conservatives some day

return to power, Kirby's influence would hardly be affected. He would still have two secure safety nets: The Institute for Research on Public Policy and Dalhousie University. Together, and thanks in large part to him, they have become outposts of the Ottawa-Liberal establishment, havens for the dispossessed, power bases for the ambitious, the two sides of an isosceles triangle whose apex is the Prime Minister's Office and the Privy Council Office.

The Dalhousie Connection with

the politically powerful predates the 38-year-old Kirby by decades. The existence and reputation of the law school alone ensured that Dalhousie graduates would be well sprinkled throughout the cabinet chambers and board rooms of the nation. C.D. Howe, the man who united, seemingly indissolubly, the corporate-bureaucratic-Liberal elites of Canada, taught engineering at Dal in the early part of the century and years later became the university's first chancellor. But in those days it was a loose-knit Old Boys' network, hardly up to Old School Tie standards of togetherness. Not even the installation in 1963 of former Nova Scotia Liberal premier Henry D. Hicks as university president and his later elevation to the Senate colored Dalhousie with more than a blush of Liberalism. But by now the hue has become distinctly rosy.

Kirby, who retains tenure as professor of public administration and business administration while on leave of absence to the Prime Minister's Office, is the highest-flying Dalhousian who combines or alternates academe and public service. But he's far from the only one. The others:

**President W. Andrew MacKay**, 51, former External Affairs foreign service officer under then minister Lester Pearson, assistant secretary to the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects (the Gordon Commission) and chairman of a number of commissions of inquiry appointed by former Liberal premier Gerald Regan.

**Tom Kent**, 58, new dean of administrative studies and the recently named chairman of the royal commission studying concentration of ownership in the newspaper industry. In its day, Kent's high wire was strung at even greater heights than Kirby's: Policy secretary to Prime Minister Pearson, Liberal candidate, first deputy minister of Manpower and Immigration, first deputy minister of the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, president of the Cape Breton Development Corp., president of Sydney Steel Corp.

**L.R. (Robbie) Shaw**, 39, former principal assistant to former premier Regan, later



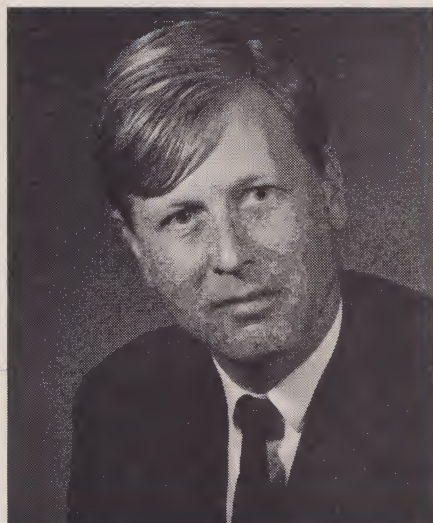
JACK CUSANO

Kirby "walks high wire of influence...but never lacks a safety net"



director of consultation and co-ordination with the Board of Economic Development Ministers, and now Dalhousie's vice-president, administration and finance.

**Brian Flemming**, 41, prominent Halifax lawyer, a governor of Dalhousie and part-time lecturer at the law school. Formerly assistant princi-



CAN GOVT PHOTO CENTRE

**McAllister:** More bureaucratic than political

pal secretary and policy adviser to Prime Minister Trudeau; federal Liberal candidate in '74 and '79.

**James S. Cowan**, 39, a partner of Flemming's in the distinguished firm of Stewart, MacKeen and Covert; Dalhousie governor and senior Liberal organizer.

**Ian McAllister**, 43, professor of economics and director of Dalhousie's Centre for Development Projects. Economic adviser to former Newfoundland premier J.R. Smallwood, his connections (mainly in the federal Department of Finance and DREE) are considered more bureaucratic than political.

**Dr. John Godfrey**, 38, president of the University of King's College, Dalhousie's affiliate and campus mate. A close friend of Trudeau's, he and the prime minister canoed together in the Northwest Territories in '79. Son of Senator John M. Godfrey, Toronto lawyer and senior Liberal bagman.

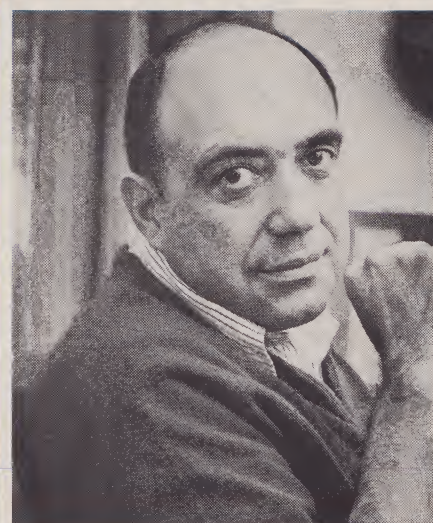
The circle of Kirby's high-placed friends and acquaintances expands when his role

with the Institute for Research on Public Policy is examined. Stemming from a royal commission report in the early Seventies, the IRPP, as the name implies, was established as a sort of Canadian Brookings Institute, a think-tank to study long-range public policy options. With initial funding from the federal government, Trudeau persuaded top Toronto corporation lawyer and Liberal bagman John B. Aird to resign from the Senate to become the Institute's chairman and, more important, to persuade the provinces and the private sector to contribute to its endowment fund. (Aird's sacrifice of his Senate seat didn't go unnoticed; earlier this year he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Ontario.)

After spending 1970-73 as Gerald Regan's principal assistant, Kirby went to Ottawa as assistant principal secretary (priorities and planning) to the prime minister. Aird and Kirby hit it off and when it came time to find a new president for the IRPP, Kirby with his quick mind, boundless energy, sound academic credentials and high-level government experience seemed an obvious choice.

He quickly shook the Montreal-

based Institute out of its geographic isolation and its mental lethargy. The Ottawa office was enlarged and offices were set up in Toronto, Halifax and Calgary, the latter two manned by former Dalhousians. Research projects were yanked out of the never-never world and brought into the short and medium term (making them, not-so-

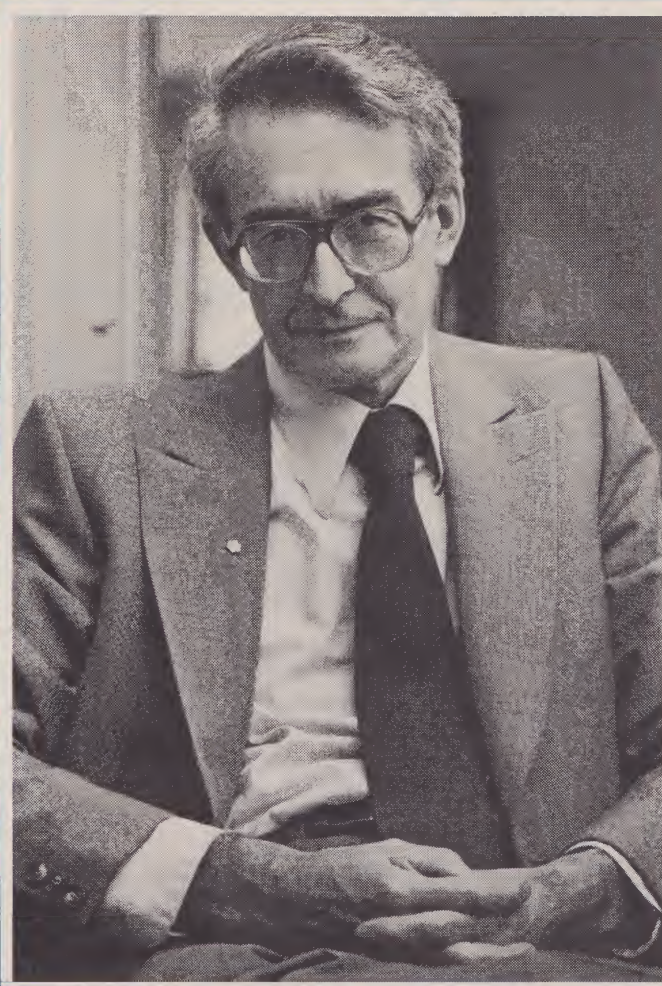


JACK CUSANO

**Vagianos:** From vice-president to IRPP

incidentally, more useful to governments). **Louis Vagianos** resigned as Dalhousie's vice-president, administration to become the Institute's executive director, based in Halifax. (Vagianos remains an adviser to Dalhousie's president.) **Rowland Harrison**, a former Dal law professor and adviser to the Regan government on offshore petroleum resources, first became executive director of the Canadian Institute of Resources Law at the University of Calgary, then director of the IRPP's Calgary operation. Other moves installed Vagianos as managing editor and Tom Kent as chairman of the editorial board of *Policy Options*, the IRPP's magazine. Ian McAllister became director of the Regional Employment Opportunities Program, one of the Institute's six main areas of research. Kent and James Cowan are IRPP directors; Robbie Shaw is a former director and trustee of the Institute.

The IRPP now operates with its main research office in Ottawa; its administrative office and communications



JACK CUSANO

**Kent:** In his day, his wire was strung higher than Kirby's



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## Special Report

services in Halifax; its publishing/translation office in Montreal; and regional research offices in Halifax, Montreal, Calgary and Toronto.

When the Liberals resumed their accustomed place in power following the Clark interregnum, it was time for Kirby to return to Ottawa. The matter of his replacement at the IRPP was handled so boldly and simply it amounted to genius: He and Gordon Robertson switched jobs, Kirby becoming secretary to the cabinet for federal-provincial relations, Robertson becoming president of the IRPP. From 1963 until 1975 Robertson was Ottawa's premier mandarin as secretary to the cabinet. He was then moved aside to make way for Michael Pitfield, Trudeau's brilliant young friend. Pitfield is no stranger to Kirby: Kirby's clergyman father ministered to the spiritual needs of Montreal's wealthy Pitfield family.

Robertson, at 63, is just keeping the president's chair warm. Kirby is currently on a three-year leave of absence from the Institute and Dalhousie and plans to return to both following his term with the PMO. This is his first complete break from the university since 1966 when, armed with experience in systems analysis and his PhD in applied mathematics from Chicago's Northwestern University, he joined the Dalhousie faculty. In his previous jobs—in Regan's office, in Trudeau's office, as a member of the Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities, as president of the Institute—he managed to keep his teaching hand in, lecturing in at least one course a year.

By all accounts, he was an excellent teacher despite his brutal schedule. One of his former students in the MBA program says, "He was a great teacher. He asked good questions and made you think for yourself. And because he knew everybody in the country, he was able to bring in all kinds of experts to lecture."

Born in Montreal, Kirby has a convert's zeal for life in the Maritimes, as shown in his refusal to live anywhere but Halifax. As IRPP president, he left his home on fashionable Young Avenue every Monday morning, worked in Montreal until Wednesday evening and then flew home. His current schedule is much the same. He goes to Ottawa Monday morning and returns Thursday or Friday. Two other reasons for not moving to Ottawa are that his wife Bonnie recently became president of the Junior League, and they didn't want to disrupt the schooling of their teen-age daughter and son.



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## Special Report

The Kirbys also have a six-year-old boy.

Kirby professes to see little connection between the IRPP, Dalhousie and the Liberal party. As for the IRPP-Dal tie, he says, "I wouldn't have thought of that." The Halifax office of the Institute was created "simply because of me." Between the IRPP and the Liberals he doesn't "think there's any great connection," although he admits "other people have made that connection." That the two are lumped together doesn't bother Kirby personally but he says it's "unfair" and "unfortunate" for the Institute. "Show me where the Institute has done anything partisan," he challenges. Then he points out that the IRPP's biggest provincial supporters have been Ontario and Alberta, both governed by Conservative administrations.

Still, he acknowledges that the Institute wants to shed its Liberal image. Greater efforts will be made in the next few years, he says, to "give people of other political stripes a role. Maybe there'll be a change in personnel." Having former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield as an IRPP director and occasional contributor to *Policy Options* doesn't hurt. Neither does the appointment to the Institute's research staff of David MacDonald, former secretary of state and minister of communications in the Clark government.

**T**he Institute's goal to establish itself as "the premier public policy research institute in Canada" may well depend on broadening its perceived political coloration. Unlike the federally funded Economic Council of Canada and the Science Council of Canada, the Institute solicits funds from private industry. And unlike the C.D. Howe Institute and the Conference Board in Canada, its better known private sector counterparts, the IRPP depends heavily on provincial and federal government grants. By the end of 1979, the Institute endowment fund stood at \$17 million, about 80% of which came from government. And by the summer of 1981, the Institute hopes to reach its target of \$20 million. This, together with foundation grants and contract research, would give the IRPP an operating budget of over \$3 million a year.

Funds of this size, plus Kirby's unique experience in and intimate knowledge of both federal and provincial governments, should ensure the Institute the large and lasting influence it desires—regardless of which political parties may be in office. It should also ensure that Dalhousie and the favored



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Dalhousians will be at the front of the queue when it comes to dispensing monies for public policy research. For a man who says he has no "career plan" and has been merely "lucky" in the jobs he's held, Michael Kirby has come a long way. And the end is nowhere in sight.

The Institute's 1979 annual report begins with these lines of Alexander Pope:

*As the small pebble stirs the  
peaceful lake;  
The centre mov'd, a circle strait  
succeeds;  
Another still, and still another  
spreads...  
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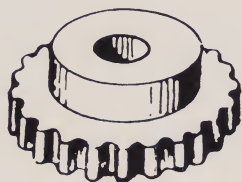
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## Media

# Up at Ours goes up ...and up

*Newfoundland's favorite home-grown situation comedy is now a national network television show. But it's still being put together by and for Newfoundlanders*

In Edmonton two summers back, Bill Bennett and a small crowd of Newfoundlanders used to start off Friday nights by watching *Up at Ours*, the CBC comedy-drama series set in a St. John's boarding house. Those half hours in front of Bennett's television were like a trip back home. The old sights, the old phrases, the rhythms of speech and warm-hearted humor fed their memories. "It was a regular good time for us," Bennett laughs. "Ten or 15 of us would gather in my living room and open up a case of beer. We didn't miss a show."

Bennett has since moved to Fort McMurray and when he settled down this fall, without the old gang, to watch this season's opening of *Up at Ours*, he was a little surprised to find he had already seen the show. The St. John's-produced show had gone national. It was now part of the great, wide CBC network. So why was he getting reruns? Bennett wasn't alone in his surprise. Of the 13 programs which make up the first-ever network season for an east-of-Montreal drama series, 10 are repeats of programs

from the past two years. One in five Newfoundlanders, according to the CBC, are loyal *Up at Ours* fans, and local stations in Halifax, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Edmonton had picked up some of those 10 "old" shows for their 1979 and 1980 summer schedules. But head office discovered *Up at Ours* earlier this year, liked it, wanted it and took it—10 repeats and three new shows, including an hour-long Christmas night special. "Yes, some of the shows have been seen in various time slots all over the map," says John Kennedy, the CBC's national head of drama. "But we've put them together in a relatively decent time slot [Thursdays at 10:30, 11:00 in Newfoundland] where they have a better chance to be seen by more people. Besides, I'm a fan of repeats."

In the politics of the CBC, leaving regional obscurity for network prominence is a reward most producers only dream of. It means more recognition at budget time, perhaps eventually a "promotion" to Toronto. But *Up at Ours* producer Kevin O'Connell downplays the perks. Pleased with good reviews from across the country, he had reservations about the national broadcast. "I was not turning hand-

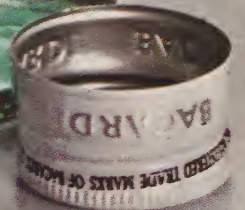


Clockwise: Kevin Noble, Ray Guy, Janice Spence, Mary Walsh

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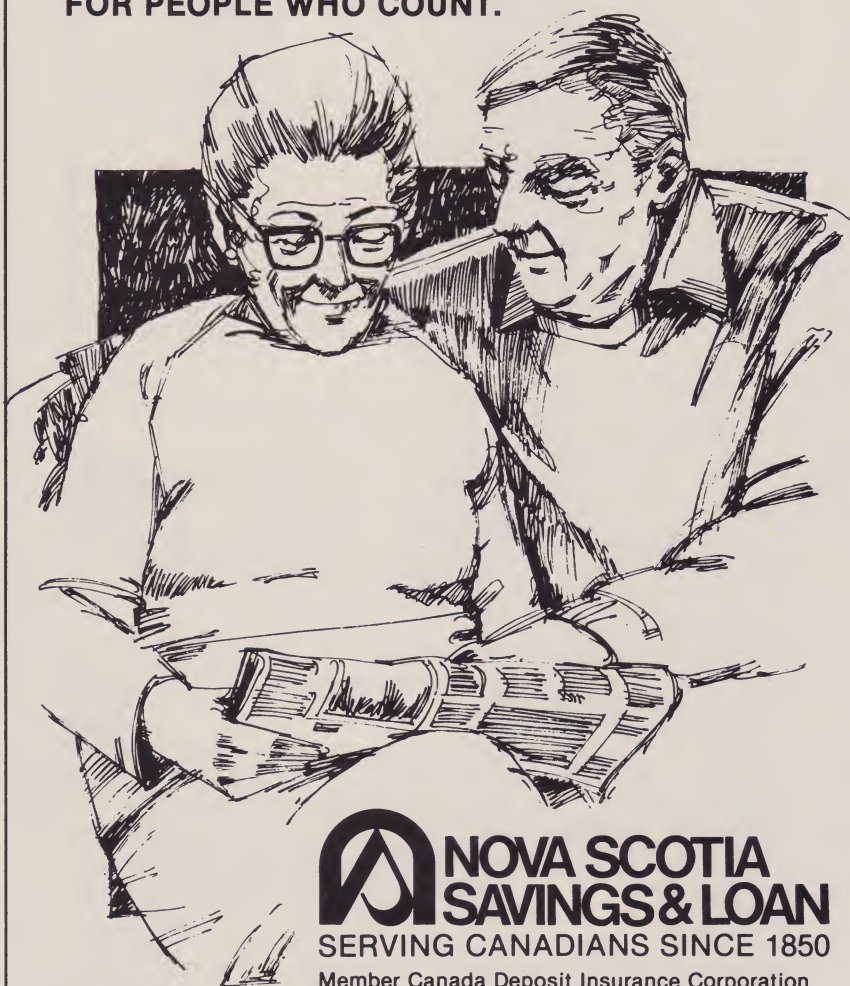
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## Media

springs," O'Connell says. "I really thought it was too early.

"When we started *Up at Ours* three years ago, I was saying, give us five years. I knew it would be a learning experience for all of us—the directors, the actors who weren't used to playing for television, the lighting people who hadn't done much drama. But I felt the Newfoundland audience would hold on with us for a couple of seasons because it was regional, because it was about them, and when they demanded better of us, we would have gotten better." No apologies, O'Connell says. He just wanted the home-grown aspects of the show to take precedence. "I didn't want to be worrying about what 'they' would think or 'whether' 'they' would understand everything," he says. "My object has always been to create a reflection of a time and place—this time and this place."

O'Connell needn't have worried. And perhaps the network's insistence on rerunning old shows was a blessing in disguise. Newfoundland got to try out its handiwork on the rest of Canada without having to refine it for general consumption. *The Globe and Mail's* TV critic praised the show's "careful attention to detail," but complained of "a few too many salty colloquialisms." Still, he said, it's up to the audience to appreciate something a little different: "If viewers can overcome their prejudicial expectations of Newfoundland culture and conventional sitcoms, *Up at Ours* holds out ample rewards." Another Toronto writer said the production is "not always network quality," but he liked the show anyway. Jim Bawden of the *Toronto Star* feels "obviously the CBC is not going to stick by *Up at Ours*" because it was given "an impossible time slot."

But in St. John's, what Toronto thinks doesn't carry much weight. This season the experiments which marked the series' progress continue. Scripts for earlier shows came from a variety of writers, some experienced, some not, some Newfoundlanders, some not. That led to inconsistencies. For this year's three new shows, a team of four sharp writers has assembled: Mary Walsh and Ray Guy (regular players in the series), and Andy Jones and David Ross (successful actor-writers in St. John's theatre). O'Connell says he's been assured no matter what happens with the network venture, local production will continue. "I'm just trying to keep this network business over there," O'Connell says, "and get on with developing the series as we planned."

— Amy Zierler



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# Calendar

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Dec. — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra presents "Christmas Pops," Dec. 16, Moncton; Dec. 17, Saint John; Dec. 18, Fredericton

Dec. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "A Christmas Carol," Dec. 1, Edmundston; Dec. 2, Campbellton; Dec. 3, Dalhousie; Dec. 4, Bathurst; Dec. 5, Chatham/Newcastle; Dec. 6,

8, Moncton; Dec. 9, Sussex; Dec. 10-12, Saint John; Dec. 13, St. Stephen; Dec. 16-23, Fredericton

Dec. — New Brunswick Hawks play — Dec. 3, Binghamton; Dec. 6, Rochester; Dec. 7, 10, Springfield; Dec. 13, 27, Nova Scotia; Dec. 17, Maine; Dec. 29, Adirondack, The Coliseum, Moncton

Dec. 1-15 — Fifteen Canadian Artists, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Dec. 1-15 — Michel Lambeth, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Dec. 1-19 — Christmas Exhibit by Sussex Doll Maker Janis Stewart, City Hall, Saint John

Dec. 4-6 — Windsor Theatre presents "The Threepenny Opera," Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 5-31 — Three Nova Scotia Weavers: Dawn MacNutt, Karen Caselman and Patricia McClelland, New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

Dec. 6 — Flea Market, The Coliseum, Moncton

Dec. 6-31 — 19th-century quilts, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Dec. 11 — The Elmer Iseler Singers, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 15-Jan. 30 — Vaughan Mexican Collection, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 17-31 — John Fox, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Dec. 1-15 — Photographs of Marguerite Bell: Rural New Brunswick in the '40s and '50s, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 1-16 — Canadian Landscape Painting in the Permanent Collection: Historical works, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 1-28 — Charlotte Hammond and Felicity Redgrave: Paintings on the Theme of an Island, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 2 — Free Gallery Concert with classical guitarist Paul Bernard, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 3 - Jan. 4 — Carl Schaefer's Hanover, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 3 - Jan. 4 — Joseph Faford: Recent sculpture, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 6 - Olde Fashioned Christmas: An evening of Entertainment, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Dec. 7 — New Purcell String Quartet, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 14 — The Chamber Singers of Confederation Centre of the Arts, St. James Presbyterian Church, Char-



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Dec. 22 — Third Annual Sing Noel: The Chamber Singers and the Girls' and Boys' Choirs, Trinity United Church, Charlottetown

## NOVA SCOTIA

Dec. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play — Dec. 3, Rochester; Dec. 12, Springfield; Dec. 14, Maine; Dec. 21, 26, N.B.; Dec. 28, Adirondack

Dec. — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra presents "Christmas Pops," Dec. 15, Truro; Dec. 22, 23, Halifax

Dec. 1-8 — Charles MacDonald: Land and Seascape paintings, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Dec. 1-12 — The Graphic Connection: Prints and Drawings from the Art Gallery of N.S. Permanent Collection, Truro

Dec. 1-28 — Explorations Within a Landscape: New porcelain by Robin Hopper, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Dec. 1-28 — Suzanne Swannie: Small Tapestries, Art Gallery, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

Dec. 1-31 — The Warship Wasa: Replicas and objects from the warship Wasa, Yarmouth Co. Museum, Yarmouth

Dec. 1 - Jan. 6 — Rada Greg: Primitive paintings, Firefighters Museum, Yarmouth

Dec. 5 — The Huggett Family, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 5 — The Elmer Iseler Singers, Antigonish

Dec. 5-7 — Cold Weather Survival: A clinic sponsored by the Canadian Hostelling Association, Halifax

Dec. 12-Jan. 4 — Neptune Theatre presents "The Fourposter," Halifax

Dec. 14 — Stadacona Band: A Christmas Concert, Halifax

Dec. 26-30 — Theatre Arts Guild presents "Aladdin": An evening for the entire family, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Dec. 1 - Feb. 1 — Warmed by Wood: An exhibit, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Dec. 4-Jan. 3 — Chander Chopra's Newfoundland Notes: Quilted textiles,

hand-screened fabrics, drawings and prints, Art Gallery, Memorial University, St. John's

Dec. 5 - Jan. 4 — Catherine Hale: Fabric Assemblages, Art Gallery, Memorial University, St. John's

Dec. 5, 6 — Nfld. Symphony Orchestra presents "The Emperor's New Clothes," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 7 — Elmer Iseler Singers, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 8 — Salvation Army Temple Songsters, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 12-14 — Racquetball Handicap Tournament, YM-YWCA, St. John's

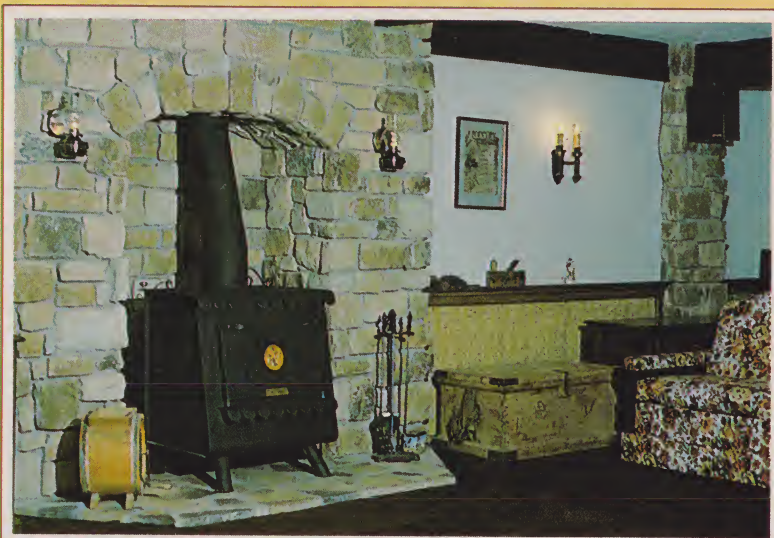
Dec. 15-17 — VOCM Happy Tree, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 27, 28 — Christmas Cross-Country Ski Racers Camp, Labrador City

Dec. 27-31 — Figure Skating Development Seminar, St. John's



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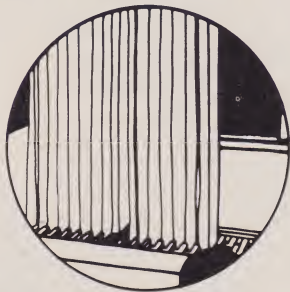
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## Education

# Joe can't read. Does the government care?

*With illiteracy a serious national problem, the federal government is cutting back on its efforts to teach Canadians to read. Why?*

**O**ne Canadian adult in five can't read this sentence. Call him Joe. Joe completed the fourth grade 40 years ago and has worked steadily ever since. He can't read a street sign, he can't look up a telephone number in the directory. Joe's boss doesn't know he can't read. He thinks of Joe as an enigmatic character, a competent, hard-working employee who, inexplicably, has turned down many offers of advancement in the company. But Joe refused those jobs because he couldn't complete the written tests and feared more paperwork.

Joe's daughter, Amy, is functionally illiterate. She grew up in a home without books, found herself at a disadvantage the day she walked into school and today has difficulty reading more than half a dozen words on her eighth grade diploma. Amy has two children. There are children's books in her house but though the older child, in the third grade, enjoys the pictures he has difficulty deciphering most of the words. Amy's younger child is two. She used to love her books but now she's growing bored with them and wants Amy to tell her the stories. This frustrates Amy, who must labor over every word or concoct an appropriate yarn. And Amy's daughter is choosing to watch more television.

People think of illiteracy as a problem that happens somewhere else. Diane Morrow, who matches tutors with students for lessons held by the Prince Edward Island Literacy Council, says volunteers come from all walks of life but they have one thing in common. "They can't believe there are 26,000 adult illiterates in Prince Edward Island."

A functionally illiterate person may be familiar with the alphabet. He may have an elementary-school education, even some high school, but he won't be able to read a newspaper or an instruction manual or complete a job application form. He won't be able to fully participate in the world around him.

"The problem is horrendous for a developed nation," says Thelma Blinn, the eastern Canadian chairman of the

National Affiliation for Literacy Advancement. "It's a national problem." It's also a problem that provincial and federal governments appear unwilling to tackle. Prince Edward Island serves as an example, but it's not as an exceptional case.

Increasingly, tutorial courses offered by provincial literacy councils are the only option. But on the Island, fewer than 50 adults are receiving instruction at any one time. Susy Chodorow, co-chairman of the Island's literacy council, admits that it is almost as difficult to find students as it is to locate volunteers. "It takes an incredible amount of guts to pick up a phone and call our student-tutor co-ordinator and say, 'I'm illiterate. I would like to learn to read.'"

"I know 10-year-olds who can't write their names and they're in city or country school systems now," says Sandra Reddin, a tutor instructor with the P.E.I. Literacy Council. How do these people survive? "They demonstrate a lot of ingenuity," Reddin says, "and, like disabled people who are deprived of one sense, they develop their other senses to a greater degree. Most are really good listeners."

Others, of course, are unable to carry it off. "A lady had a job in the schools as a janitor. She did an excellent job in most respects, but she was fired. She kept cleaning blackboards which had been marked, 'Do not erase.' I know of a girl who can't take a job as a waitress because she can't write down orders."

Fighting illiteracy in this country is almost exclusively a voluntary effort. Literacy councils, which sprang up first in the United States in 1970, appeared in Canada in 1971 and now there are 55 chapters from coast to coast. Most provinces supply textbooks, but little else. The feds offered a couple of courses through Canada Manpower. But even there programs are being cut back.

The Basic Training for Skill Development (BTSD) course launched in the early Seventies, covered all elementary and secondary grades, ran for a



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## Education

maximum of 52 weeks, and was aimed at placing people on the job market. It still exists, but in abbreviated form. The original program was too short to transform students at the lower levels into members of the work force so, beginning a year ago, instruction in the first six grades was phased out. J.E. MacCallum, a course control officer with the Department of Labor in Charlottetown, estimates at least 200 Islanders took the primary course in the 10 years it was offered. "We probably reached the people who needed and wanted it." But demand began to drop off and the provinces didn't object to the phase out. MacCallum thinks the reduction in federal programs gave the literacy councils more scope.

That's not the way literacy council volunteers, many of them former instructors in the BTSD program, see it. There are 2,200 volunteers teaching illiterates on a one-to-one basis across the country but, as Thelma Blinn admits, "that's a drop in the bucket."

Mounting a full-scale attack on illiteracy is an expensive proposition. But the social costs of maintaining the status quo are enormous. Canadian penal institutions are filled with frustrated illiterate adults—maintained at a cost much higher than that of any literacy program. "You have to consider that if they were able to read and write, they'd cope much better," says one corrections officer.

Perhaps more alarming than the lack of literacy programs is the certainty that more illiterates are leaving the schools every day. Sandra Reddin argues that some children get lost in the system, others are doomed from the day they enter school. Lack of government support for kindergartens could be part of the problem. There are also fears that federal governments have hung back on support because they fear increasing literacy's consciousness-raising effect. Aside from the national embarrassment of admitting the problem, 5,000,000 newly literate voters could have a significant effect at the polls.

But even for the graduates of courses currently offered, the story doesn't always have a happy ending. "Some don't get family support," Reddin says. "We had a construction worker who dropped out of the course for the summer. In the fall, he couldn't find his books. His wife had burned them, perhaps because her control of the family finances was threatened. Literacy brings on personality changes. It can threaten the spouse and that can destroy a dependent relationship."

— Martin Dorrell



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## Education

# Closed dormitory puts village in jeopardy

*When North West River in Labrador shut down a \$750,000 school dormitory, it made economic sense. But it could also mean the end of Mud Lake. That's tough*

**W**hen a large, modern high-school dormitory in North West River, Labrador, shut down this fall, leaving 10 students from the nearby village of Mud Lake without a supervised place to live while they are away at school, parents in Mud Lake began to fear for the future of their community. An old village of only 15 families, Mud Lake lies across the Churchill River from Happy Valley-Goose Bay at the head of Lake Melville. Its single two-room school goes to Grade 8.

Local residents are upset by the closure, but their fears go farther. "We know there were valid economic reasons for that," says Susan Felsberg, secretary of the local school committee

and mother of two high-school students. "What people are very unhappy about is that no alternative for us was considered."

The \$750,000 dormitory opened in 1972 primarily to house students from coastal communities who attended a new million-dollar regional high school built in North West River two years earlier. Funds from a federal-provincial native people's agreement built and operated the facility which replaced an old building no longer fit or big enough for the job. Although the new dorm can house up to 100 students, it has never been full. Almost immediately after it opened, demand for space began to drop because of a new

approach to education in Labrador.

Native people on the coast had begun to worry that the large, centralized school posed a threat to the cultural integrity of their communities. Many students were travelling over 100 miles, and in bad weather they couldn't return home. They pressed instead for higher grades in their small local schools and, as the school board met these requests, the need for the dormitory fell. Last year it cost \$210,000 to operate the dorm for only 16 students. Most were from Mud Lake. The local committee which administers the native people's agreement decided it couldn't keep the dorm open at a cost of more than \$10,000 a year per student. That left Mud Lake—not a native community and without a voice in how funds are spent—out in the cold. It got them lots of sympathy—but no solution.

"One community's blessing is another's curse," says Ron Sparkes, superintendent of the Labrador East Integrated School Board. "We put the students back on the coast where they wanted to be, but that's had a devastating effect on North West River." The school board closed North West

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River's elementary school last year and combined it with the new high school, where there were plenty of vacant classrooms. Sparkes says that "when everyone puts their heads together" an imaginative solution for

NIGEL MARKHAM



**Mud Lake: Sympathy, but no solution**

Mud Lake will emerge, but without that, "it could be the end of the community."

"They had the carpet pulled out from beneath them and none of the alternatives are as attractive as what

they lost," admits John McGrath, Happy Valley-based assistant deputy minister of the Department of Rural, Agricultural and Northern Development, who also sits on the native people's agreement committee. "Kids were dislocated, some parents had a difficult time finding other arrangements, but to be hard-hearted about it, sometimes that happens."

Even if the Department of Education could find the money to operate a small dormitory for students from Mud Lake and other Labrador communities who prefer to go to a larger school, it may fear setting a precedent. Other communities in Newfoundland without full grades do not have dormitories to which to send their children. (Any student whose local school has less than five classrooms or is missing a grade, whatever its size, can receive a \$100-a-month boarding bursary or a \$50-a-month transportation bursary to go to school outside his community. With road improvements and new schools around the province, only 150 students are now using these bursaries.)

None of the students from Mud Lake is attending Lake Melville High School in North West River this year. Six are going to Goose High in Happy Valley, lodging with relatives or strangers. One dropped out, another who needed to repeat Grade 11 is

taking supplementary exams at home, and two are enrolled in correspondence courses from British Columbia. (Newfoundland does not offer correspondence courses, but will accept those of another province with approval from the local superintendent.)

But the parents insist these are only temporary solutions. Some don't have relatives in the larger centres where high school is available, and even some that do are uncomfortable about sending teen-agers to town without guaranteed supervision. The distance across the river isn't great, but travel is difficult in storms and impossible during freeze-up and breakup. (There are no roads into or out of Mud Lake.) Unlike the native communities on the coast, Mud Lake does not seem interested in adding higher grades to its tiny village school. Parents in Mud Lake say they prefer the greater facilities and more specialized teachers of a regional school.

Mud Lake got used to the dormitory in North West River even though the native people's agreement was paying for it. It became a part of the community, something Mud Lake depended on for its survival. One family with a child ready to enter high school next year is already preparing to move to Happy Valley. That will leave 14 families facing an uncertain future.

— Amy Zierler

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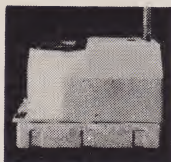


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**G**ary Smith spends two weeks each month on a small farm near Pugwash, N.S., with his wife and two young children. He lives like a country gentleman: Drives the tractor, works on the house, enjoys his family. During the other two weeks, however, he's a member of a tough frontier community at a strange new international address: Zapata Uglan, South Tempest G-88, Grand Banks. He wears blue coveralls, safety boots and hard-hat, works long hours, sleeps irregularly and is always confined to a steel platform 250 feet square in an endless ocean so cold that no one without protective gear can survive in it more than a few minutes. And he's happy as a clam.

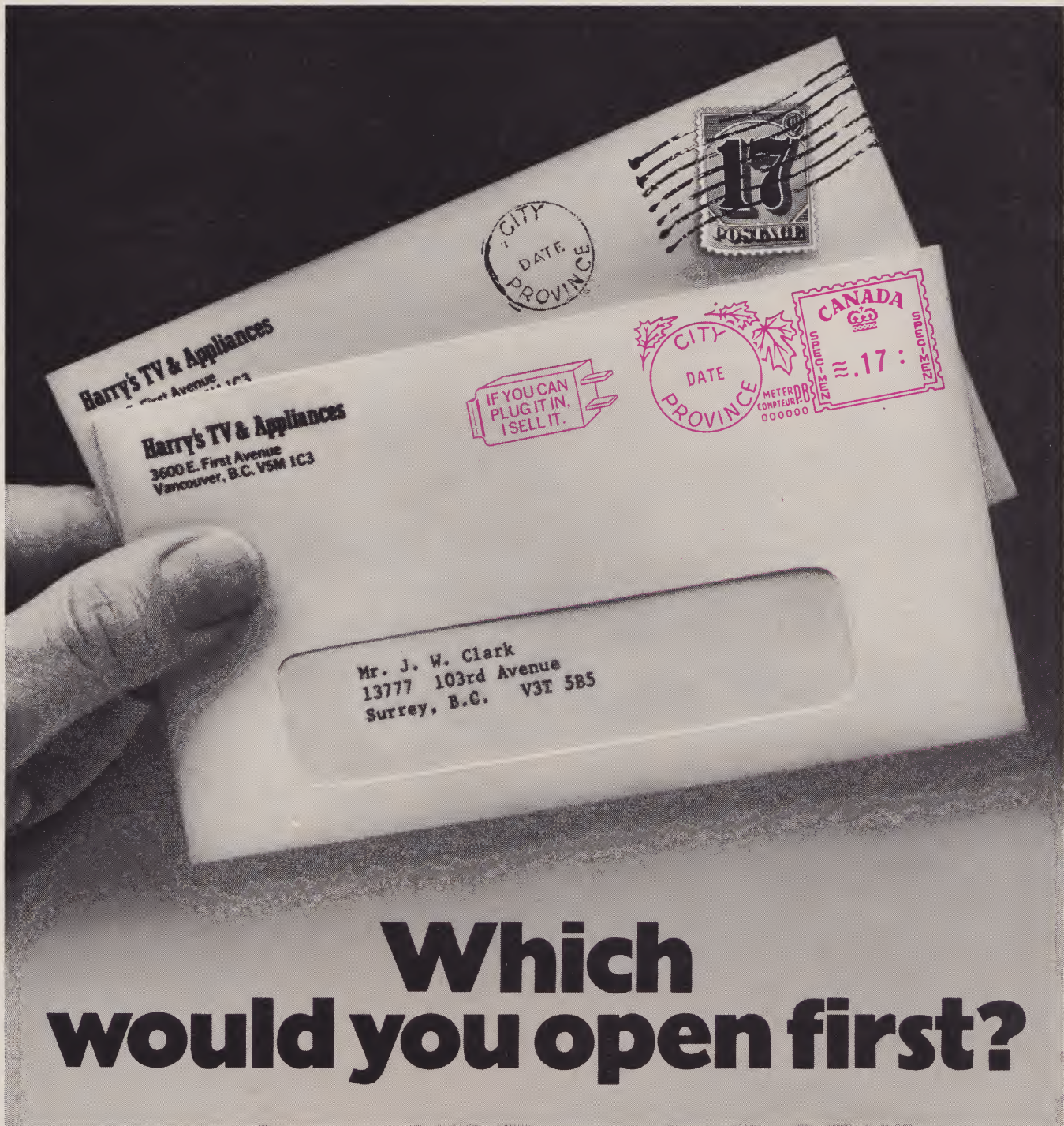
Every age has its frontline jobs and prestige industries. In the next century, it might be building solar-powered factories in space. For now, it's sucking hydrocarbons out of the earth in impossible places, under the reign of technology which says nothing is impossible, just expensive. Smith, an employee of Mobil Oil Canada Ltd., is drilling foreman on the Zapata Uglan, a semi-submersible oil rig anchored 220 nautical miles east of St. John's, 1,000 miles from Pugwash. In seven years he worked his way up from a roustabout (laborer) on an inland rig

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## Labor

lengers, they are towed away if they stray too close.

"Big engines," grins Bob Parks above the deafening roar. He pats one of the rig's four 2,000 horse-power diesel engines as if it were his trusty horse. The rig manager for Zapata Off-Shore Company of Houston (part of The Uglund Group of Grimstad, Norway, which owns the rig), Parks is a petro-cowboy. He's got Texas written all over him, from his smiling drawl to his fancy-stitched boots. In bright red coveralls and a white hardhat, he struts through the web of pipe, pointing out its heft and precision with pride. "The deck of the drill floor is dirtier than usual," Parks says. (The floor is covered with grease and mud, the steps are slippery.) "This is the third string of casing we've run in two weeks and everyone has been going flat out just to keep the drilling going." On this bright cold day, the Zapata Uglund is switching to a higher pressure blowout preventer to prepare for more drilling. Its 3½ mile bore into the seabed will keep it at this pinpoint in the ocean at least until February. "Come back in a month," Parks suggests, "and you could eat off the deck."

The atmosphere aboard the rig is not like the wild west. It's military. "Sometimes you get treated pretty rough," says a young Newfoundlander. "Like a kid." Wakeup calls, no beards, no liquor, daily safety meetings, training courses for promotions and raises. The pay is good (skilled jobs start at about \$27,000 a year) and the food is pleasing and plentiful, but the work is gruelling: Twelve-hour shifts, seven days a week. When a rig comes to a new area, like the Grand Banks, the turnover among new employees is always high at first, but those who settle into the isolation, the work and the 21-day weekends begin to talk about making their careers on the rigs.

The pay has to be good—not because the industry can afford it, but because in earning it the workers submit themselves to an alien world. They become parts of a self-contained environment where technology, not nature, determines the rhythms of time—less days and nights. Out here at South Tempest, nearing the edge of the continental shelf and well beyond Canada's 200-mile economic zone, life is multinational and un-national. Norwegians, Americans and Canadians go through customs inspection when they land in St. John's for their time off. They have, unquestionably, been away. Will space factory workers have to clear customs when they come back to earth?

— Amy Zierler

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## Heritage

# This learning game preserves the history of native people

*The Inuit have made string figures for generations. Now a Nova Scotian woman's research shows how the game may contain important educational and anthropological secrets*

**M**aking string figures is an Inuit learning game, an intricate system of creating symbols with string and your own fingers. Joan Waldron, co-ordinator of programs at the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax, began wondering about it when she organized a museum program on Inuit games to accompany an exhibit on seals and sealing. Was the string figure game (similar to "cat's cradle") just an amusing pastime? Or might it also be a way of visually preserving the history of a people?

Today, Waldron says, she's found some of the answers she wanted, "not all...yet." Her research indicates that when the Inuit weave symbols with string, "these symbols must represent a

visual sharing of communication with very long gone ancestors. There isn't a beaver within several miles of these communities but curiously, though they had never seen one, they could describe it with a string figure." Experts say her work has broken new ground in anthropology.

Waldron made her discovery last spring when she travelled on a Canada Council grant to Broughton and Pond Inlet, both above the Arctic Circle. She hitched rides with freight planes, travelling without a camera or a tape recorder: "I was acutely conscious of what an intrusion the curious southerner must be." She spent five weeks visiting families in the north, looking for answers to dozens of questions.

How common is the finger-weaving skill? Do the figures and symbols change from one community to another? How are they learned?

Waldron found that string figures are done almost exclusively by women. In some communities there's even a taboo against men participating. But while string figures are a common enough skill ("about as prevalent as the ability to crochet down here"), it is dying out among the young. "I went first to the schools and demonstrated some symbols," Waldron says. "Many children hadn't seen them done before. But they all returned the next day with several new ones their mothers had showed them."

String figures are common among



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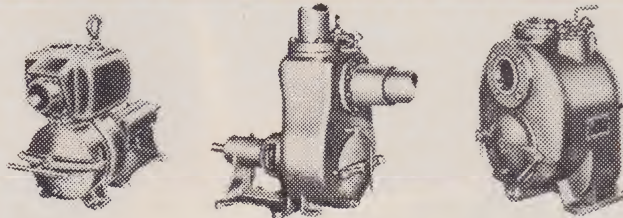
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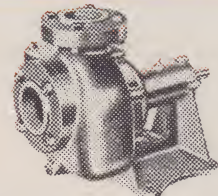
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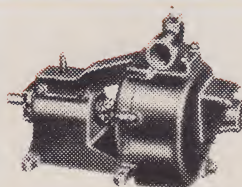
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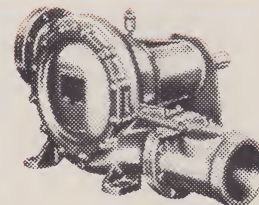
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such widely separated people as Australian aborigines and Canadian Inuit—a fact which could be used to support the theory of an early overland migration. But it's the Inuit figures that are the most numerous and most complex.



JACK CUSANO

Waldron: Pastime...or visual history

Anthropologists started noticing them over 70 years ago. But no one, according to Waldron, has ever tried "to use them to learn about or interpret the culture or, most important, to devise a method of preserving them for the Inuit."

Harold McGee, associate professor of anthropology at Saint Mary's University in Halifax, is enthusiastic about Waldron's research. "String figures make visible certain aspects of the world which just can't be perceived through the senses," he says, "as, for instance, a volt meter needle allows us to 'see' electrons. So string figures make things real—myths, ideas—by making them visual." McGee says people have been interested in string figures for a long time, "but usually just as collections. Using them to learn about a culture is new."

McGee approves of Waldron's method: Travelling empty-handed (well, almost—she never leaves home these days without a yard-long loop of string). He says her instinct for not creating awkward social situations is "the best way to guarantee reliable and valuable material." And he thinks Waldron's work has not only answered some questions about string figures, but perhaps inspired some questions about education as well: What kind of learning techniques are used to pass on

the skill? Could they work in a structured education system?

Waldron has no qualifications in ethnology or anthropology. She's a pharmacist by training. But professional anthropologists, including McGee, are looking forward to seeing the data she's collected in print. That will occur mostly in academic journals, but word of a scientific "strike" gets around fast and the more general interest media are nibbling too. Waldron is currently basking in the courtship of international publishers, television and radio producers and the National Film Board.

It hasn't unsettled her. She contemplates it all from a museum office full of stuffed rodents, straw figures made from rare grasses, shelves of delicately perched origami birds, sheaves of drying wheat, raw flax and more advanced stages of linen (to which she is highly allergic, "but so what"). There are caverns of books and, occasionally, a visit from Gus, the live tortoise who lives next door. Considering a man-made two-hand wire prop, she turns her mind to the really important questions. Is the Inuit dexterity with string figures learned or instinctive? Can this kind of knowledge be passed on with a non-human prop? Such is the stuff of great adventures.

— Jill Cooper Robinson

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## Sports

# He sells horses, doesn't he? He sure does

*P.E.I.'s James MacGregor sets records with the prices he gets for his horses. But horse breeding's a costly, risky business*

**W**hen Glengyle Joey, a sleek, black Maritime-bred yearling from Milton, P.E.I., entered the ring at the end of a long day of horse trading at this fall's Fourth Annual Select Yearling Sale in Charlottetown, an expectant hush fell over the cold, hungry crowd. Bidding for the horse started—stunningly—at \$15,000. By the time it was over, Glengyle Joey had been sold to Ontario buyers for \$26,000, the highest price ever paid for a Maritime-bred yearling at a Maritime sale. When the auctioneer's gavel finally stilled for the day, the man who sold Glengyle Joey, Prince Edward Island horse trainer and trader James (Roach) MacGregor, had peddled four more yearlings and pocketed a total of \$46,100 for his troubles. But was he happy? No. "Glengyle Joey could easily be worth \$100,000 next year."

MacGregor, a 35-year veteran of the horse business, reluctantly put his horses up for sale this year, he admits, "to pay the bills." For each horse he keeps on his Milton farm, he must shell out between \$1,200 and \$1,500 annually. Feed bills alone eat up a staggering \$100,000 a year for his stable of 60 to 85 horses. Although he admits he could have invested \$2,500 and taken his horses to Ontario sales where prices are higher, MacGregor says he just didn't have the cash to spare.

If costs are high and profits are slim, why does he stay in business? The simple answer is that MacGregor is an optimist. Besides, horses have been part of his life almost from the day he was born 52 years ago.

MacGregor relates almost every question about himself to horses. He grew up on Park Street almost next

door to the Charlottetown Driving Park and took in his first horse race at the age of one. Many famous harness racing drivers stayed at his home and MacGregor would often play hooky from school to watch them drive. By the time he was 20, he was running his own riding stable: Showing, riding, and jumping horses. In 1948, he went to the United States as a trainer for Joe O'Brien, P.E.I.'s most famous harness racing driver. Then in 1969, he pur-



**James MacGregor: Horses have been his life**

chased the Milton farm and set up what became the Island's largest horse-breeding operation.

Although he sold off \$400,000 worth of his horses in Toronto in the last six months (including one private sale that netted him \$60,000 for one colt), MacGregor concedes that horse breeding and trading is a chancy business. Once he turned down a \$60,000 offer for a promising horse only to have the animal go lame on him. "Now he's out there in the barn," MacGregor says, "worth perhaps \$500 unless I can make him sound." Last year, just when he was finally establishing his reputation as one of the country's premier horse breeders, Newport Robbie, his prize stud and the father of Glengyle Joey as well as Hampton Hall, a swift pacer who has been burning up Ontario tracks, died of a heart attack. "We were set up perfectly," he laments. "We were just too good to him."

RICHARD FURLONG



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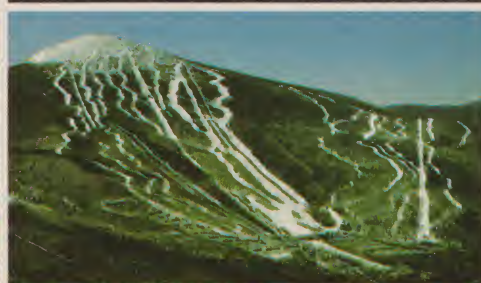
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## Sports

MacGregor's first coup as a breeder came when he bred a mare named Taurida Bay, who had excellent breeding qualities but a lousy track record as a producer of speedy colts, to a horse named Dominion Byrd. "They just weren't breeding her to the right stallion," explains MacGregor whose own horse sense produced a number of swift offspring and helped enhance his reputation in racing circles.

But now, with 23-year-old Dominion Byrd finally "put away," Newport Robbie dead of a heart attack and Glengyle Joey sold to the highest bidder, MacGregor is almost starting from scratch. But he hopes a new stallion, Meadow Skipper, and Steady Star, a stallion acquired in 1979, will put him back in the forefront again within a couple of years.

Along with his breeding operation, which involves 100 mares in and out of his farm during breeding season, MacGregor also keeps 65 to 80 horses in his own stable, some for training and racing, some for breeding. In order to accomplish his goal of selling 15 yearlings every year, he must have "15 weanlings coming up" and 15 mares in foal. A new 50-horse barn, he says, would be the best present he could get.

He worries about the lack of interest among Maritimers in locally bred horses. Although Maritime horses have recently become popular with Ontario buyers (the day after the P.E.I. sale, in fact, the same Ontario purchasers went to Halifax where they picked up another \$62,000 worth of Maritime horses), many local horse buyers have begun to haunt the Ontario horse auctions. MacGregor insists Maritime breeding is better and argues that he has four mares in his own barn at least as good as the top 10 Ontario dams. "Ontario buyers wonder why [our buyers go there]," he says. "They think we're crazy."

Despite that, MacGregor himself plans to take a couple of his own mares to be bred in Ontario so their colts will be eligible for the Ontario sire stakes "which go for big money. We can't continue to sell for \$5,000 colts that are potential winners," he says. "And for that matter, why should we continue to race for \$100,000 stakes when we can race in Ontario for stakes of \$4 million?"

The breeding and training side of his operations is the biggest challenge, but MacGregor says it's the selling he's best at. "If I couldn't market horses, I'd have been out of business long ago."

— Shirley Horne



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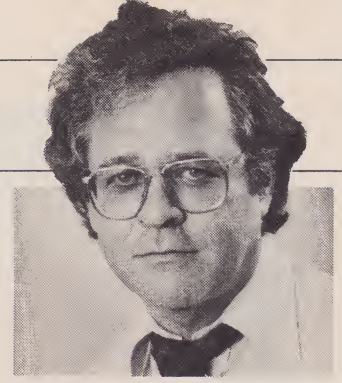
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## Harry Bruce's column



# Portugal knows something we don't. About service

**D**ining out in Portugal is not like dining out in Atlantic Canada, and the crucial difference lies not in the food but in the service. Waiters in any good Portuguese restaurant—and even in some of the not-so-good ones—act as though they truly believe you've honored them even by entering the place, and that it's therefore their proud duty to pamper you, to make sure that not only the food itself but also your experience of simply being there is something to savor. Their conviction that the style with which they present food matters—and that *you* matter—reveals itself in myriad tiny ways.

The first thing you notice is that you're usually free to sit at any empty table. The head waiter may show you one table but if you indicate another that's off by itself with a view of the

sea, he won't say nope, sorry, that section is closed. He seats you where you want to sit and, right away, you feel the restaurant exists not for the convenience of its staff but for the pleasure of its customers.

How many times have you ordered a second drink in a Canadian restaurant, only to be told to ask the wine waiter? How many times have you asked for the dessert menu, or simply for your bill, only to have someone snap, "That's not my table"? In my experience in Portugal—a total of three weeks' travel—such things just don't happen there. If you ask a waiter for something, he doesn't let you know you're somehow a nuisance who's out of line. He either gets what you want or quietly tells another waiter to get it. Nor do Portuguese waiters tell you what a rough day they're having and that,

thank God, they'll be off duty in a few more minutes.

Once seated, you may find not one but two tablecloths, both of them pure, thick, linen. Fresh flowers or, sometimes, china fruit brighten the table. Three crystal wine glasses and borders of heavy cutlery define each setting. (The cutlery is like the silverware that once rattled across Canada in the dining cars of the mighty railways of our past.) Before you've had time to look around, someone silently brings melba toast, bread, rolls, pats or curls of butter in a silver shell, bits of cheese and spiced sausage, a pot of *pâté*, a dish of olives and, a wonderfully considerate touch, a saucer for the olive pits.

But that's just the automatic stuff. As your meal progresses from soup to fish to meat to dessert to coffee and liqueur, waiters remove the inappropriate cutlery and dirty dishes, and gently keep sliding fresh plates in front of you. Their fussiness would be annoying if they did this clumsily, but they're so slick they're scarcely noticeable. I watched one guy filet a fried sole for me. He removed the head and tail and then, with an air of concentration and a degree of precision that would have done a brain surgeon proud, he made the right incisions and magically withdrew the main bone. He spooned the sauce carefully over the sole and, before giving me the plate, stood all the boiled potatoes on end—the kitchen had cut them so he could do this—to make the meal look like a tiny, delectable Stonehenge.

**I**n a superior Lisbon restaurant, I ordered a plate of sea eels. I didn't know that's what I'd ordered. My Portuguese was so bad I simply looked for the fish section on the menu and ordered the way beginners choose horses at a racetrack. I closed my eyes and pointed. Anyway, I was not sorry. The eels were sautéed in butter and garlic, and they were exquisite. I ate six. The kitchen had bent each one into a circle, like a big bracelet, with the tail inserted in the mouth. After I'd downed three, a waiter materialized, swiftly cleared my plate of the their messy remains, served me the other three.

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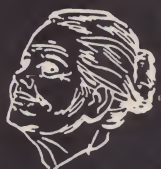
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Eels might not appeal to everyone but, to me, both their flavor and their style of presentation symbolized that little extra touch, that gesture of *care* that seemed so typical of the better Portuguese restaurants. In a restaurant with *fado* singers so good you wanted to linger till dawn, a waiter offered steaming bowls of free vegetable soup to those of us who were still there after midnight. My coffee cup arrived not on one saucer but on two.

**N**ow none of these things means all that much by itself but, taken together, they are one reason why I'd like to return to Portugal. Repeat business matters to any region that's betting part of its future on pleasing foreign travellers, and what I'm really wondering is whether Atlantic Canada can learn anything from the Portuguese about how you go about doing exactly that. Our governments spend a lot of our money on luring well-heeled tourists and, as our dollar remains weak, odds are that more and more Japanese, Americans and Europeans will indeed make at least one visit to Atlantic Canada. But will they make two? And will they go home raving to their friends about the fabulous times they had in the Maritimes and Newfoundland? The answers will partly depend on how smoothly, politely and *professionally* our restaurants treat them.

Maybe "professionally" is the wrong word, but in many European countries, to be a waiter is to be the practitioner of a skilled trade, a craft it's not shameful to master. We, however, are North Americans. We are descendants of independent farmers and fishermen. We are heirs to the dream that anyone can make a million, or become a professor. To us, serving tables is like raking leaves for money, or mowing lawns, or joining a road-construction gang. It's just something our children must sometimes do till they're qualified to do something more respectable. It's menial.

OK. We have superb scenery (when the weather's right). We have pretty leaves in the fall, and some good restaurants. Though our people are no friendlier to foreigners than, say, the Portuguese or Greeks, we also have old habits of hospitality. What we haven't got is a tradition that says it's honorable to be excellent at serving food to strangers for money. We may never have. Culturally, it may simply not be in us. But if I may resort to a cliché, it seems to me that if something's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well. I hope that the private and government interests who are pleased to call themselves our "hospitality industry" think so, too.

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## Book Column

# A life in litter-chore

*It's that time of the year again: Authors out pushing their latest works, putting their smile muscles to work. But behind the puffery, what's the author's life really like?*

By Silver Donald Cameron

**T**hey stare out of the TV screens each fall, sinuously ingratiating, perpetually smiling, seductively describing, relentlessly agreeable. They are not politicians, car salesmen, hustlers of encyclopedias—though you can hardly tell the difference. They are this season's touring authors—and they can hardly tell the difference, either.

One thinks of authors as dignified, tweedy chaps, taking long walks while they meditate deeply on The Meaning of Things, then turn the leaden mass of our lives into the pure gold of literature. The reality is rather different. The author is more likely to be a young man (or, in Canada particularly, a woman) scrambling frantically to keep all the creditors quiet and get on with his opus in a cubbyhole under the

basement stairs.

His wife (or husband) bribes the kids to play outside. Daddy's working, it's important. In her heart, she suspects that her vegetable spouse is sitting down there daydreaming or napping. The writer's hardest job is to persuade his wife that, when he's staring out the window, he's working.

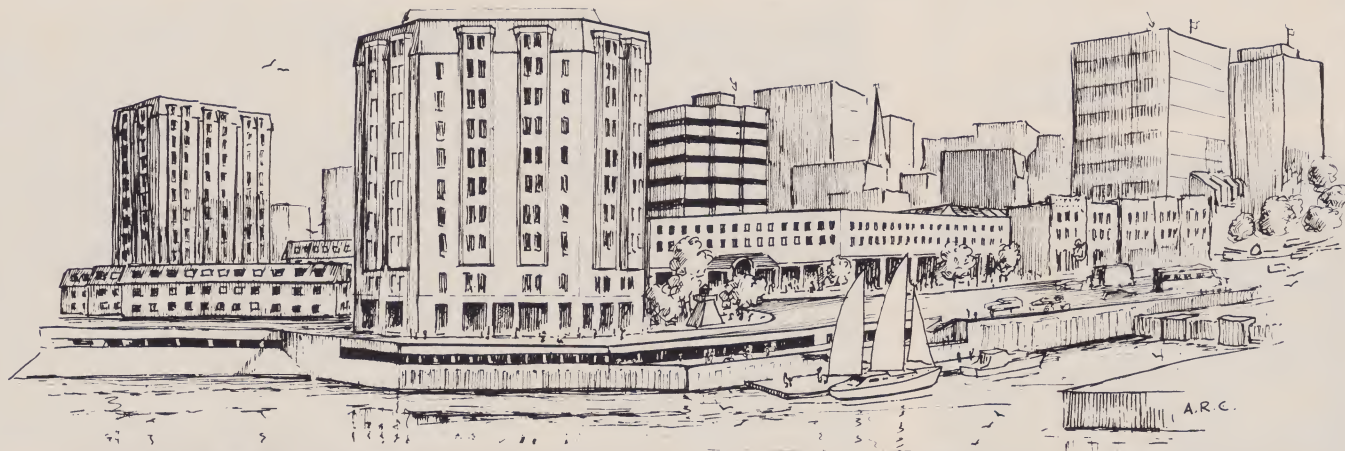
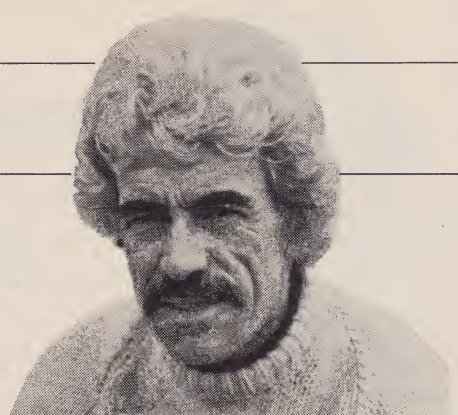
All the same, the books get written—tens of thousands of them in English alone, every year. One day the author receives a letter with a publisher's return address, instead of the familiar parcel of homeward-bound manuscript.

*Dear Mr. Ream, (says the letter) I am happy to tell you that Slippery and Squeezum are very excited about The Aquarian Ambiguity and wish to publish it this fall. We will pay an advance*

*of fifteen dollars (\$15.00). This is probably less than you had hoped, but first novels are very risky publishing propositions.*

*We will also ask you to undertake certain minor revisions. Chapters 2 through 17 should be rewritten. Tom, Franz, Jocelyne, Françoise, Oscar and Ermintrude are not convincing characters, and should be removed. We believe the book would be strengthened if you were somewhat more explicit in your description of the love affair between Hortense and Olaf. Chapters 19 through 24 really belong in a cookbook, and should be removed altogether. We also feel that the book's conclusion is needlessly depressing.*

*Could you have these changes in our hands by the middle of next week? Production schedules are inflexible. I*



In the challenging 80s Saint John is moving progressively forward, blending numerous developments into the physical and cultural heritage of the City as it approaches its Bicentennial in 1983, 1984 and 1985.

### SAINT JOHN - PROGRESS REPORT 4

For two centuries Market Slip has been a focal point in downtown Saint John. Today, the \$71-million Market Square Development Project is under construction bringing new life and vitality to this historic area.

Market Square encompasses 10 acres along the Saint John Harbourfront. Plans include a 41,000-square-foot trade and industry centre, a regional library, luxury hotel, retail space and parking garage. Housing units, downtown street improvements, pedestrian links to City Hall, two ancillary office buildings and a sea wall for site containment round out the project.

Market Square is funded by the three levels of government and a private developer, The Rocca Group. Construction will be completed in three years, in time for the City's Bicentennial celebrations.

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won't be able to work with you on this manuscript, since I am off tomorrow for an extended business trip to Hawaii, the Caribbean and St. Tropez. I have assigned your book to our senior editor, Miss Helen Damnashun. Miss Damnashun is a highly qualified person who has twice visited New York...

For the next four months, Mr. Ream is completely absorbed in protecting at least the skeleton of his club-footed, anemic, Mongoloid creation. He excises three characters, but insists that the love affair's essence is its lyrical, otherworldly delicacy. The jacket copy arrives: *A thundering tale of lust and fury in the great tradition of Earl Derr Biggers!* The jacket illustration shows a couple stripped to the waist, embracing under storm-whipped palm trees. *The Aquarian Ambiguity* is set in Goose Bay, Labrador. Never mind: You have to make some concessions to your publisher.

A questionnaire arrives. To promote the book properly, Slippery and Squeezum need to know Mr. Ream's education, occupations, preoccupations, vocations, avocations, associations, inoculations, conjugations and incarnations. Is he, in the word coined by my publisher, "mediable"?

And so, at last, the book with which Mr. Ream once had some connection is published. His national promotion tour whips the cities past in a blur of Air Canada meals, muzak-infested hotel lobbies, dazzling studio lights and missed sexual opportunities. His smile muscles ache. His bowels seize up, his bladder complains. He visits a retail store to sign copies of his book: Three living creatures appear, one of whom is a dog who urinates on his only good shoes.

The interviewers have not read *Testicles of Fire* (as his book is now titled): How could they? They have four more authors this week. As he describes it for the seventh time that day, he suddenly *knows* that the book is trite and boring, and that nobody will buy it. Alone in his cavernous hotel room in another city that evening, he drinks much gin and weeps when he phones home. It occurs to him that politicians live like this all the time: No wonder they babble and drool.

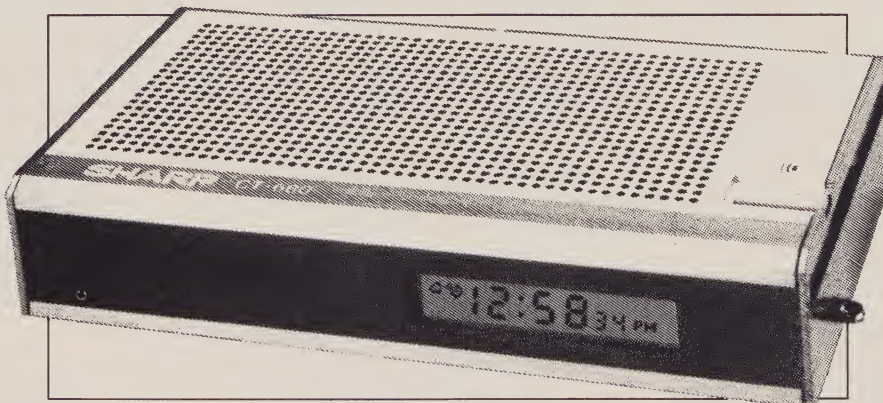
But what is one to do? Publicity, particularly on TV, sells books—and the average *writing* income of full-time Canadian writers in 1978, says Statistics Canada, was \$6,865. That figure *includes* the Haileys, Mowats and Bertons. My own five books represent something like four years of steady work. My aggregate income from them has yet to reach \$10,000.

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## EASTERN PROVINCIAL





## Books

# A Christmas cornucopia

*New regional books for the young, the old and those in between*

### Far from Shore

When things start going wrong, it's hard to stop them. Soon, everything we do makes the situation more painful, until we're reeling with confusion. That's what happens to a Newfoundland family in *Far from Shore* (Clarke Irwin, \$9.95). Gord is out of work. Lucy is having an affair. Chris is in trouble with the police. Jennifer is being an antagonistic goody-goody. What's causing the family's hard times, author Kevin Major tells us, is unemployment. At one point, Chris says, "I hope, by frig, he gets a job. I don't want to see things getting loused up again."

Reading *Far from Shore* brings home, on a personal and ordinary level, the frustrations of living with a useless Manpower office, stagnating work projects awaiting government funding, and all the other problems unemployment creates. The setting is Atlantic Canada, but the emotions Major expresses cut across regional and economic boundaries.

It's a poignant story, told in intimate style; the characters take turns telling their version of it, speaking in the first person. You feel as though *you* are trying to decide whether to have an affair while Gord is working in Alberta. You imagine that, like Chris, you got so drunk you can't remember whether you smashed the school windows. The story involves you that closely.

— Jud Levinson

### Anna's Pet

Wild animals that children like to adopt as pets should thank Margaret Atwood and Joyce Barkhouse for writing *Anna's Pet* (James Lorimer, \$6.95). Countless toads may be saved from drowning because children who read this book will know that toads, unlike frogs, aren't good swimmers. Innumerable garden snakes may be spared from being kept warm in hot ovens.

*Anna's Pet* is an entertaining story about Anna's hunt for a pet while visiting her grandparents' farm. One episode—Grandma and Grandpa rescuing a worm that is about to be housed under their bed—reminded me of the time I was stopped from feeding worms to my dog and hamburger to the goldfish. Three known authors collaborated on the book: Atwood

and Barkhouse wrote it, and Ann Blades did the illustrations. The language is simple enough for a beginning reader, without being babyish. Blades's illustrations—colorful and simple scenes which reminded me of

the folk art of Nova Scotia painter Joe Norris—are a cheerful complement to the text.

Parents and humane societies should be pleased with this latest publication in Lorimer's Kids of Canada series. And it wouldn't surprise me if the authors received some fan mail from kids saying something like, "Now I know why my toad Jimmy doesn't like taking a bath..."

— J.L.

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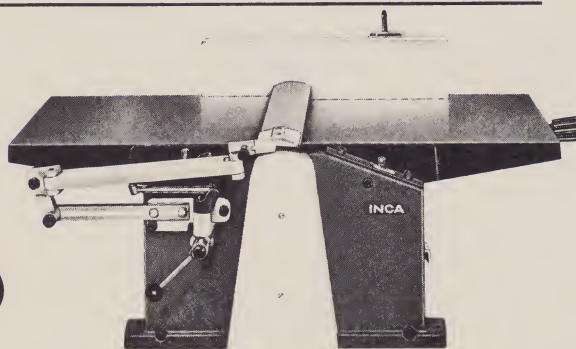
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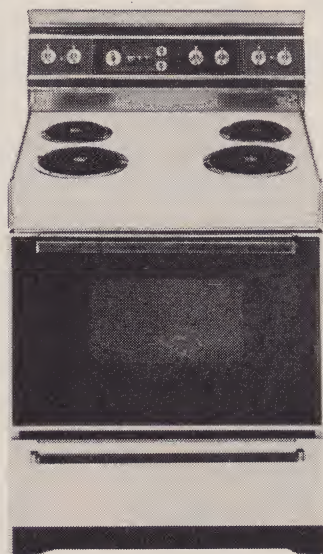
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# Books

## Older Ways

"He said, 'You'll get all the work you can do.... That was 1928 and I'm still here! The only blacksmith left in Queens County.' " In *Older Ways: Traditional Nova Scotian Craftsmen* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$14.95) you meet blacksmiths, whittlers, weavers and sail-makers, craftsmen who value equally the quality of their work and their lives. They learned their crafts to earn a living and be useful to the community, and this practical motivation has made their artistry even greater. They learned the subtleties of their crafts over many years, so for them, their skills are ordinary. For us, they're exemplary.

Peter Barss has recorded with photographs and words the lives and workmanship of 30 craftsmen. Their conversations are like talking to a friend. They tell you how they learned to make eelpots, tan sheepskins, carve wooden spoons—how they taught themselves or learned from another mastercraftsman. And Joleen Gordon has supplemented the conversations with short histories of the crafts. The result is an intimate history of some Nova Scotians who live by the adage, "If it's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well."

— J.L.

## Little Louis and the Giant KC

Just as the Seventies were the Richard Hatfield years in New Brunswick, the Sixties were the decade of Louis Robichaud. They were perhaps the most vital 10-year period in New Brunswick since the arrival of the Loyalists: The years when New Brunswick finally came to appreciate—if not to come to complete terms with—the French fact; the years when New Brunswick like the other Atlantic provinces, started receiving sufficient funds from Ottawa to upgrade long-reglected public services and to undertake large-scale economic development. But what made the decade supercharged was the election in June 27, 1960, of the diminutive, volatile, 35-year-old Acadian lawyer from Richibucto and the clashes he would have with K.C. Irving.

John Edward (Ned) Belliveau is no impartial observer of those years. A longtime newspaperman, by 1960 he had become a Toronto advertising executive and adviser to the New Brunswick Liberal party—sort of a Grit Dalton Camp. *Little Louis and the Giant KC* (Lancelot Press, \$4.95) is a part-memoire, part-history of the Robichaud years and the lasting, salutary reforms they made on the province.



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The Irving empire was Robichaud's most formidable—but far from most virulent—adversary. Considering the sweeping changes Robichaud accomplished, conflict was inevitable. Irving had had things pretty much his own way for decades, squeezing tax and other concessions out of provincial governments that were desperate for new jobs. As Belliveau says of Irving, "Surely no individual in any single Canadian province had ever held so much economic power." Robichaud and Irving first clashed over the new government's allotment of timber rights to Rothesay Paper Corp., then over control of Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corp., and finally over the Equal Opportunity program—the most sweeping reform in provincial and municipal government any province ever attempted in one swoop. Because it abolished some corporate tax concessions, Irving fought back fiercely—but reasonably fairly, as Belliveau concedes.

Although the Irving press of Moncton and Saint John editorially opposed Equal Opportunity, they reported the raging controversy with

## "...conflict was inevitable"

restraint and balance. Not so the Fredericton *Gleaner*, then owned by Brigadier Michael Wardell. The *Gleaner* fuelled and fomented the hysteria which led to death threats against the premier and harassment of the young Robichaud children. The racial overtones of the anti-Equal Opportunity campaign were aptly summed up in that "arrogant, uncharitable and self-defeating slogan: 'Robbing Peter to Pay Pierre.'"

In the end, Equal Opportunity went through and Robichaud's Liberals won the 1967 election. Then, in 1970, when Robichaud was in "his greatest form ever," the Liberals lost because they "had lost the will to win." Still, "Little Louis," now Senator Robichaud, has the satisfaction of knowing that he changed forever, and for the better, the face of his native province: The Hatfield government left his reforms intact.

As for "The Giant KC," at 81, he's alive and well and living in Bermuda. His three sons now run the family empire. The Irvings don't seem to have suffered unduly from their bruising encounters with the man who had the courage to stand up to them.

— Harry Flemming

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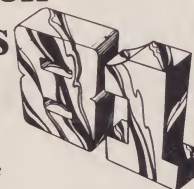
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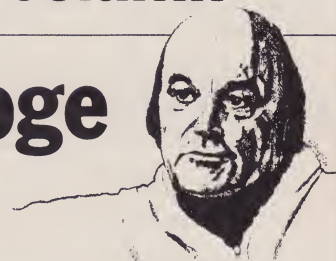
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## Dalton Camp's column

# Ebenezer Scrooge had a bum rap



*Every hero of history's the subject of revisionism these days. Here's one who comes off the better for his*

**E**benezer Scrooge was a much misunderstood man, and still is. To many, Scrooge was a mean, selfish ogre who hated kids, Christmas and spending his own money, in that order. In fact, as later studies have proven, he was a man ahead of his time. And as for that employee of his, Bob Cratchit, he has been downgraded to the status of fink.

It was Cratchit, you'll recall, who complained of the lack of heat in the office, claiming his fingers were numb. In defence of his employer, it is now recognized that Scrooge was merely the first citizen to get involved in the energy crisis by keeping down the thermostat, something most of us do these days and think no more about it.

There's no doubt that Scrooge was onto Cratchit, as would be any employer who could spot a trouble-maker and malingerer in his midst. Furthermore, there was an established company policy against office parties. This sensible corporate decision, made by Marley anyway, was in the interest of the general well-being of the employees and their families.

So you get the true picture: There's this fellow Cratchit, whining about the chill in the office, agitating for an office party, desperate for a day off because he hadn't done his Christmas shopping, and sitting at his desk playing the office clown—wearing mittens! A less compassionate man than Scrooge would have sacked him on the spot.

Of course, the big rap on Scrooge was that he didn't believe in Christmas. But in those days, as in these, more than half the world considers December 25 just another day of the month. Why single out Scrooge? True believers in Christmas think everyone else should believe in Christmas too, but progress has been slow. There are still entire nations in this world whose citizens have never heard Bing Crosby sing "White Christmas" nor ever seen a red-nosed reindeer. In fact, it must be said for Scrooge that he gave a lot of thought to his not believing in Christ-

mas; he even lost sleep over it.

He deserves our sympathy. He was not a well man and suffered terribly from insomnia. So, following one of those wretched, sleepless nights, made more wretched by carollers singing off key under his window, he staggers off to work in the early morning light to be greeted by some mouthy kid shouting seasonal effusions at him. That Scrooge's only reply was to say "Bah, humbug!" seems to me to show him as a man of considerable restraint.

The revised view of Ebenezer Scrooge is that he has been vilified in literature and lore for over a century just because he had one sleepless night. The way Charles Dickens tells it, he had one sleepless night followed by another of bad dreams. But Scrooge was a man of iron will and dauntless spirit: Rising from his cot of pain the next day, knowing it was Christmas for some, if not for all, he went along with it.

You will remember the first thing he did was confront the problem of the kid, which he did—Scrooge was something of a liberal—by throwing money at him. And of course, this good, decent man then spent the rest of the long day with that ineffable bore, Cratchit, even entering into the very bosom of his family. How many employers, one might ask, could bring themselves to do that?

Belated apologies are due Ebenezer Scrooge. He was a man ahead of his time, as has been shown, also a liberal, and a man who told it like it was. Today, he would have been admired for his conservationist spirit, his concern for good relations with his employees—regardless of provocation from the Cratchits of this world—and for refusing to give in to his insomnia. Scrooge would have been prominently featured in the CBC series, *The Canadian Establishment*, right along with Conrad Black and the others. Furthermore, those who have endured the wracking pain and discomforts of Christmas past know damn well the old boy spoke for a lot of us: There is a lot of humbug that goes with the holly.

Meanwhile, may I sincerely wish you all a White Christmas—especially those of you going to Florida for it. ☒



## Movies

# Howard Hughes and the lovable loser

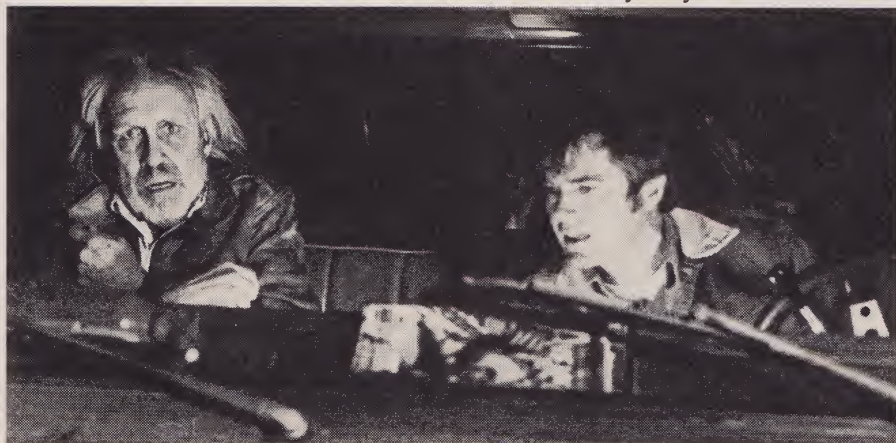
By Martin Knelman

At its peak, *Let's Make a Deal* was not merely one of the most popular, most profitable and most vulgar television programs in history. To sober-minded commentators on American society, it was the very symbol of American commercial decadence—a monstrous costume revel concocted out of ritualized greed. Maybe because it was watched five days a week for 14 years by something like 10 million people, however, *Let's Make a Deal* finally transcended criticism. It became, eventually, a campy, jokey metaphor for the worst elements in North American life. At its basest and most absurd, this was what the consumer society, spawned by modern technology and nurtured by mass advertising, had turned into: Dreamers and drifters dressed up as radishes or chickens in the hope of being selected for the show; the lucky ones, in the moment they had been waiting for all their lives, having to decide whether to take the \$8,000 or risk it all for whatever was behind the curtain number three—which could be either a completely furnished model bungalow, or an empty mousetrap. What earnest, sensitive critics of the show could never quite come to terms with was the cheerfulness of the exploited participants. *How could it be bad taste*, Monty Hall would demand passionately of interviewers, *when even the losers kiss me?*

*Let's Make a Deal* is never mentioned in *Melvin and Howard*, the

charming new movie about Howard Hughes's so-called "Mormon will" and the amiably lunk-headed gas-station attendant who would have come into \$156,000,000 if the will hadn't been thrown out of court. But the movie beautifully catches the essence of the program and the people whose bad luck and simple-minded dreams kept it going. *Melvin and Howard* is a gently satiric parable-fable about up-to-date styles of poverty, complete with charge plates and color TV sets.

The most enchanting sequence in *Melvin and Howard* is the one that opens the film, and in a brilliant framing device, closes it. We're in the Nevada desert at night, on a dark, deserted road. A pickup truck stops, and out of it steps a pudgy young man in casual working-class, on-the-road gear. This is Melvin Dummar, played by Paul Le Mat (who portrayed another likable drifting-to-nowhere dreamer in *Citizens' Band*). While relieving himself at the side of the road, Melvin spots an old man lying in a bush. The old man (Jason Robards) has knocked himself out while riding a motorcycle with foolish abandon. Taking him for an old drunk hobo, Melvin shovels him into the front seat of his truck. Melvin cheerily tries to make small talk, babbling about jobs he wanted and couldn't get—including one at Hughes Aircraft. "What a shame," mumbles the old man, "I might have done something. I'm Howard Hughes." To which Melvin replies, humoring the old codger: "Well, I believe in anybody callin' themselves



Jason Robards (left) as Hughes, Paul Le Mat as Melvin Dummar

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Environmental awards are presented every year by the Nova Scotia Department of the Environment as a way of recognizing the work of Nova Scotians who contribute significantly to improving our environment.

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| *CITIZENS GROUPS OR ORGANIZATIONS | *CREATIVE ARTS | *YOUTH      |

In addition, this year's winners in the individual and youth categories will receive \$250 each. \$300 will be awarded in the citizens category.

If you feel someone deserves an award for their contribution, let us know.

Call or write for nomination form: Environmental Awards  
N.S. Department of the Environment  
P.O. Box 2107, Halifax, N.S. B3J 3B7  
424-8627



NOVA SCOTIA  
DEPARTMENT  
OF THE  
ENVIRONMENT

Hon. R. Fisher Hudson Q.C., Minister

## Movies

anything they want to."

They both have a wonderful time, tooling along in a heap on the road to Las Vegas, boisterously singing foolish songs. Then Melvin lets the old codger out, and they exchange whacky, enigmatic smiles. Melvin goes on his way thinking no more of it until eight years later when he sees a mysterious document purporting to be Howard Hughes's will, naming Melvin one of the principal beneficiaries.

Robards's Howard Hughes cartoon is the most mysteriously, unforgettably wonderful thing he has ever done. He is on the screen for less than 10 minutes, yet his spirit seems to preside over the whole movie. Most of the picture is about the hapless life of Melvin Dummar during the considerable stretches when it is not touched by miracles. By all the usual standards, he's a classic loser, with a childish, disastrous inability to manage his affairs. His biggest achievement is being named Milkman of the Month, but jobs, households and relationships keep collapsing under him. Yet he never gives up his goofy enthusiasm; he's a cock-eyed optimist.

His wife, Lynda, walks out on him because even when their big break comes—winning the big prize on a game show—Melvin seems doomed to squander the booty on expensive toys. Lynda, played with engaging vitality by Mary Steenburgen, keeps running away to become a topless waitress or a go-go dancer, but even divorce can't cure her of a disastrous instinct for rescuing Melvin. Finally she marries him again in a Hawaiian ceremony in such exuberant bad taste that it serves as a perfect counterpoint to the game show. The sequences from the show have a loopy, unmaliciously satiric flavor.

You don't have to believe in the authenticity of the so-called Mormon will to enjoy *Melvin and Howard*. This is a what-if fantasy, with the childlike purity of a Jean Cocteau reverie. And at the end, there's a twist on the opening sequence which leaves us feeling emotionally gratified. For a moment, Melvin and Howard are on equal footing, just a couple of bums helping each other pass the time. For that moment they shut out the world that has trapped Howard in his unhappy wealth and Melvin in his desperate poverty. That moment has to be remembered, savored and mythologized, this movie seems to tell us, because it makes Melvin and Howard, however fleetingly, squealing, blissed-out co-winners in that biggest, silliest game show of them all, real life. ☒

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CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA



# Paraplegia



# Sit down. And think about it.

## Sit down for five minutes without getting up

Think what it would be like if you could never get up again. How it would affect your job. Your family. How you would cope trying to do even simple things that you now take for granted. Like going to the washroom. Driving a car. Shopping. Going out to a movie or restaurant.

Spend a few minutes thinking about how your life would be without the use of your legs and you'll understand why the Canadian Paraplegic Association is so concerned about helping Canada's paraplegics and quadriplegics\*—people who were once as active and mobile as you are today; people who used to think that paraplegia could never happen to them.

## What is the Canadian Paraplegic Association

A non-profit organization that has been serving Canadians with spinal cord injuries for 35 years. We're the only organization in Canada that gives in-home counselling to paraplegics and quadriplegics.

## Who Do We Help

Canadians who have injured their spinal cords through accidents, sports, falls, or various diseases. Most of them are aged 16 to 30.

These formerly-active young men and women can't be cured. But with professional counselling, they can learn to live with their new handicap. With proper training, they can become productive members of society once again.

## We Help Them By Providing

- Psychological counselling to help paraplegics and their families adjust to their situation.
- Career counselling and educational guidance to those who are unable to continue their former careers.
- Emergency funds to those who suddenly find themselves in financial straits.
- Financial assistance to help purchase equipment such as wheelchairs.
- Assistance in obtaining suitable transportation and housing.
- Information in a number of other key areas.

## Why Are We Asking For Your Support

- 15,000 of the 18,000 Canadians with spinal cord injuries receive *no* assistance from us because we lack the funds to help them.
- Every day, three more Canadians become paraplegic or quadriplegic.
- The costs of offering assistance are increasing at an alarming rate.
- Government medical insurance covers only in-hospital treatment and physical rehabilitation costs. The Canadian Paraplegic Association is the only agency offering the counselling services needed to help the spinal cord injured re-enter the mainstream of life, and lead productive lives once again.

## Here's How You Can Help

Just mail a cheque or money order to:  
Canadian Paraplegic Association  
5599 Fenwick St.  
Halifax, N.S.  
B3H 1R2

All donations are tax deductible.

\*Paraplegic describes persons who have lost the use of both legs and sensation in the lower half of their bodies. Quadriplegic includes paralysis of the arms as well.

# Then give.

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## Ray Guy's column

# A time for nomads to put down roots

*This Christmas, Newfoundlanders may have a surprising answer to the age old question, "I wonder where we'll all be to this time next year?"*

**A**s an accomplished nostalgia-monger I wring my hands with mercantile glee at the approach of December and rejoice along with the toy makers and the poinsettia growers. I trot out the warm glow of kerosene lamps, rehearse the jingle of sleigh bells on the frosty air and dust off my tried-and-true line of outdoor privies, freshly slaughtered swine and the smell of steam from railway trains. It all finds a ready market. The Nativity unhinges people. They wallow shamelessly in sentimentality and gaze in rosy rear-view mirrors with great abandon like nasty little boys gorging themselves on warm molasses buns.

Urban areas at home and abroad are great Yuletide consumers of hoary rusticana. My advantage is that I grew up in a Newfoundland outpost. There, the thunder mugs and the coal-oil lamps were flung away so recently that I could discuss housekeeping hints with John George Diefenbaker's granny. Less than five years ago I discovered there was a considerable trade in used kerosene-powered refrigerators between Newfoundland outposts just electrified and back-to-the-earthers setting up shop on the coast of British Columbia.

I've had only 40 Christmases, but for the first 10 or dozen of these, the horse and sleigh, the dog team and the rowboat were more common than motor cars, and for a football we had an inflated pig's bladder sewn up in a canvas cover. One-room schools, pot-bellied stoves, moosehide boots, a single exotic orange at Christmas, rollicking gangs of costumed creatures called mummers or jannies.... I've got Christmases under my belt that, in more civilized parts, only granddaddies remember. Anecdotes before dotage. When I've worked them over with chains and buckshot they pass for genuine antiques.

One of the things that hasn't changed in Newfoundland is the ancient custom of the Profound Utterance. It's still observed in most households. At some mellow moment on Christmas Day—usually amid the gentle after-

dinner belchings during the ceremonial swipe at the port and sherry and before the top comes off the more earnest hootch—someone is bound to say: "I wonder where we'll all be to this time next year, at all, at all, at all."

And that's it. No one ventures a guess. There's merely a sigh here, a wan smile there and some fatalistic headwagging all round. There's nothing more to be said. In Newfoundland, the future is not and never has been something you'd care to bet on. There's no great anxiety, either, about the prospects of hell or Hamilton, Fiddler's Green or Fortune Bay. It's all pretty much as one. The important thing is not to be surprised if you're somewhere else before another year passes.

Newfoundlanders seem to have anchors instead of roots. It must come from chasing fish instead of growing veggies. A haddock leads a merry chase but a turnip has a fixed address. There are no stone barns or farmhouses here. We have centuries-old villages that look as if they'd been jerry-built the week before. Wooden houses perched on rocks that can and have been dismantled or floated elsewhere when the time comes.

So there was no civil war—not even much kicking and scratching—when, less than a decade ago, the federal and provincial governments ganged up to herd 25,000 Newfoundlanders from dozens of small communities into what were called growth centres.

We're nomadic. We're migrants. It's no big deal to weigh anchor and move on. We seem to have no fixed and earthly abode, just an imaginary "Newfoundland" which sets us bawling into our beer in Toronto or Fort McMurray. Yet, in reality, we find the geographic Newfoundland fit only to smash beer bottles against.

I suppose the pattern was set in early days when our British governors decreed that Newfoundland was not an island at all but, rather, a "greate shippe" moored conveniently close to the Grand Banks. We've been frisky little ship-jumpers. Places like Ireland



and Scotland had great peaks of out migration but then their lulls. With us it's been a steady drain.

You can tell by the obituaries. A 70-year-old who dies today in St. John's or Harbour Grace may have most of his brothers and sisters living in the Boston States and the heft of his offspring scattered from Ontario to British Columbia. In two more decades, we'll read there the names of the 20,000 Newfoundland women who married U.S. servicemen during the Second World War. Ten years after that, I'll be looking in the mainland papers for the names of the 80% of my classmates who went there...or they'll be looking, God knows where, for mine.

Even those of my own generation who stayed in Newfoundland have travelled far and strenuously in the past 40 years. It's been a long and trying journey from the oil lamp to satellite TV in half a lifetime. It's been more of a rocket ride in Newfoundland than in most other parts of North America. All this frantic gadding about in time as well as in space must have had some effect. But I think we've taken the shocks rather well. Had we come equipped with roots rather than anchors we may have been torn to pieces by now.

But a change is coming. The notion is getting around that having a real and permanent home here on earth like most other normal human beings might be kind of neat. Anchor-swallowing time is nigh. Who'll be the most surprised? Will it be the chap who does the Profound Utterance as usual this Christmas... "I wonder where we'll all be to this time next year, at all, at all, at all?"...and is greeted by the unthinkable answer: "Above ground or under it, but in Newfoundland." Or will it be those who expect us to keep shipping out meekly and as usual on the first tide but who, instead, get a marlin spike up the eyehole?

Happy Christmas to all from the Slap-Happy Province. ☒



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